

MARCH 1980. \$1.50

# Atlantic Insight

**That's oil Brian  
Peckford holds.  
He won't give it away**

**In Nova Scotia:  
The unbeatable,  
unflappable  
Edmund Morris**

**In New Brunswick:  
Purse-snatcher  
gets 15 years**



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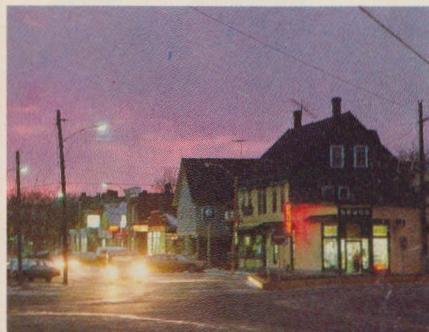
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**Cover Story:** People compare Premier Brian Peckford of Newfoundland and Labrador to Joey Smallwood. But he's an entirely different kettle of cod. Bruce Little explains why.

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICHOLS/ INSIGHT

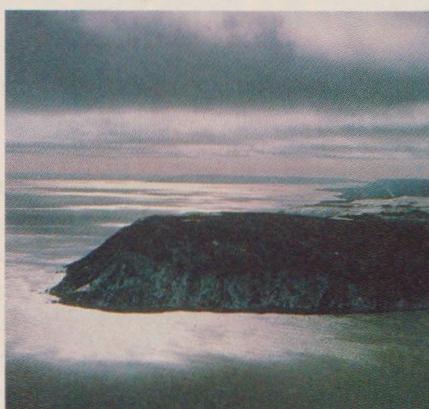
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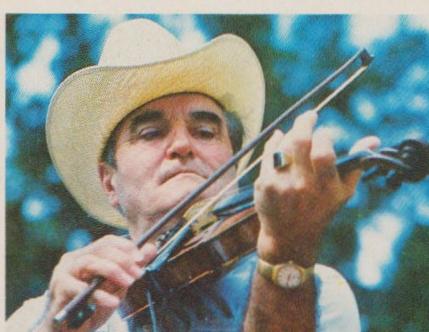
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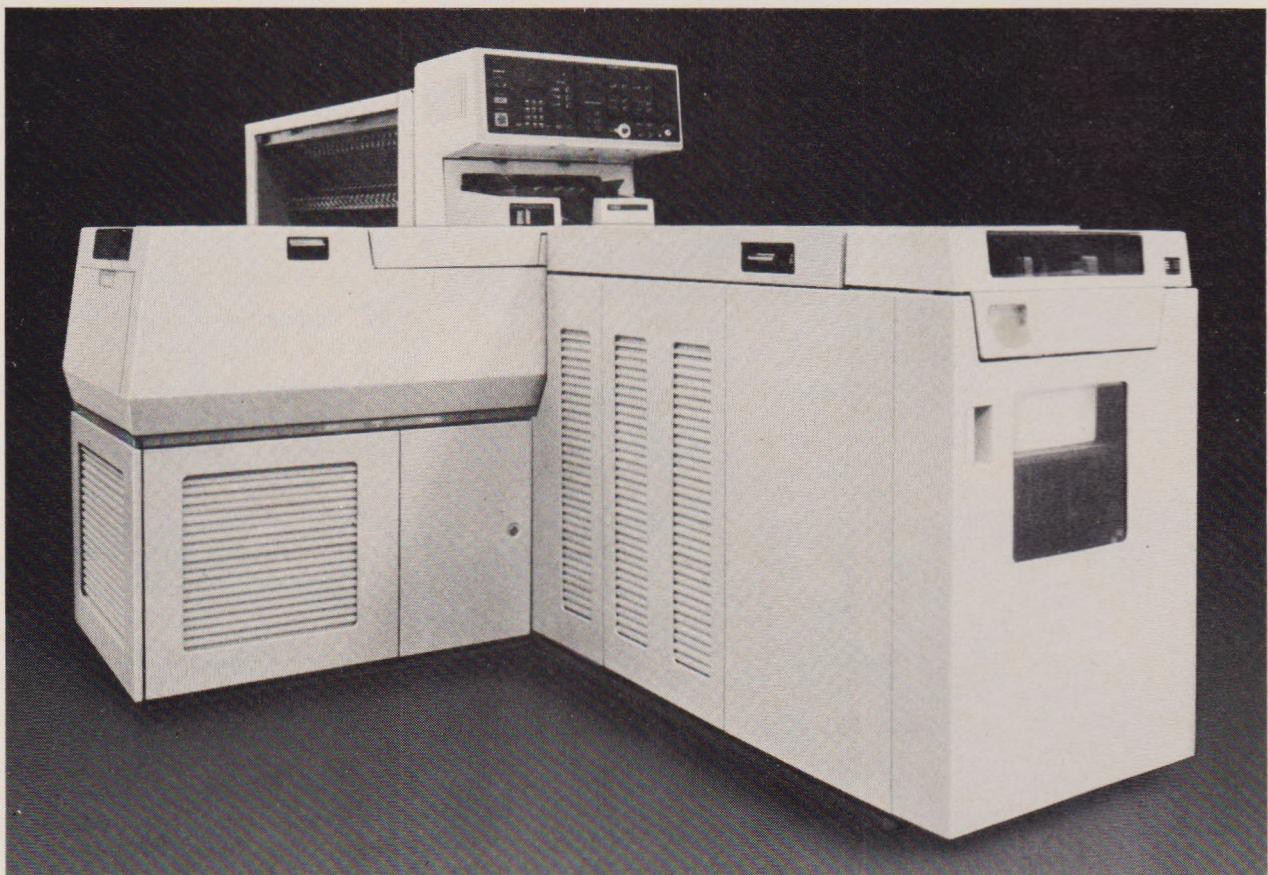
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Marilyn MacDonald

**Art Director**

Bill Richardson

**Photography Director**

David Nichols

**Staff Photographer**

Jack Cusano

**Art Staff**

Peter Gough

(Assistant Art Director)

Bruce E. Smith

**Copy Editor**

Pat Lotz

**Staff Writer**

Roma Senn

**Typesetting**

Nancy MacPherson

Pam Lutz

**Contributing Editors:**

Stephen Kimber, Halifax

Amy Zierler, St. John's

**Correspondents:**

Jon Everett, Saint John

Kennedy Wells, Charlottetown

**Publisher, President**

Impact Publishing Limited

W.E. Belliveau

**Assistant Publisher**

Peter Belliveau

**Circulation Manager**

Neville Gilfoyle

**Single Copy Manager**

Valerie Legge

**Advertising Sales Manager**

Eldon McKeigan

Telephone: (902) 423-7365

**Advertising Sales****In Nova Scotia**

John Fulton

Telephone: (902) 423-7365

**In New Brunswick & P.E.I.**

Leo Deveau

P.O. Box 3420 Postal Station B

Fredericton, N.B. E3A 5H2

Telephone: (506) 454-4693

**In Newfoundland**

Steven Sharpe

P.O. Box 8513

Station A

St. John's, Nfld. A1B 3P2

Telephone: (709) 895-2411

**National Sales**

John McGown &amp; Associates Inc:

Dave Richardson

785 Plymouth Ave. Suite 310

Town of Mount Royal

Montreal, Quebec H4P 1B3

Telephone: (514) 735-5191

Paul Griffin

4800 Dundas St. W.

Toronto, Ontario M9A 1B1

Telephone: (416) 232-1394

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## Editor's Letter

# How we choose cover stories

Please, Muriel, try to understand. Muriel Lutes Sikorski of Moncton wrote to say we "absolutely enraged" her because, in November, we put hockey player Bobby MacMillan on our cover while making Flora MacDonald "a back-of-the-book ad-filler spread." She said, "You ought to be tarred and feathered!" But before the tar-pot starts to bubble, I thought I'd plead for clemency. In the first place, I'm not sure what an "ad-filler spread" is, but I know that it's ads that keep us alive. We rather like them. A less obvious fact, however, is how we sweat over the whole matter of choosing cover stories.

By late August, which is when the sweating over the November cover began, Flora was indeed our choice. We'd heard that *Chatelaine* would put her on their cover in December and, since competition is one way editors get their kicks, we wanted to beat them. The next word we got, however, was that *Maclean's*, too, liked Flora enough to give her cover play (we have our spies up there in Toronto), and that they were way ahead of both us and *Chatelaine*. Were we going to come limping along weeks behind *Maclean's*? No way. Sorry, Flora. Sorry, Muriel.

But why MacMillan? To understand that, you have to understand that choosing covers for *Atlantic Insight* is much like choosing a cabinet in a mythical regional government. We decided we needed Island representation in the cabinet, and Bobby was the Island's most famous athlete. We also calculated that an NHL star at the start of the hockey season would make us look topical. Getting a photo of Bobby in his Atlanta Flames uniform around Labor Day was tricky, but then we run into that sort of problem in everything we do. Summer was barely over when we cut a tree and decorated it as background for our photo of a Christmas goose with all the trimmings.

Sometimes it's hard to remember what month we're in. By the time this letter gets into print, for instance, we'll be chewing our nails and squabbling about whose face should grace our May issue. A woman from Corner Brook who has just won the Nobel prize in physics would be just right and, according to certain elements in our art department, it'll be best if she also happens to look like *Playboy's* Bunny of the Year. I may have to do the interview myself.



Anyway, back to the cabinet. Our covers have so far featured two Newfoundland premiers (Moores, Peckford) and a Newfoundland woman artist (Mary Pratt); a New Brunswick premier (Hatfield) and a New Brunswick Acadian singer (Edith Butler); two Island sports figures (MacMillan, and harness-racing driver Joe O'Brien); a Nova Scotian university president (Henry Hicks); an author who's lived in Newfoundland and sometimes makes his home in Nova Scotia (Farley Mowat); an actress who was born in Newfoundland and also makes her home in Nova Scotia (Flo Paterson); and two prime ministers who were spending so much time campaigning in Atlantic Canada it sometimes seemed they'd moved down here to stay (Trudeau, Clark).

Magazines with a news flavor justify their cover decisions on such straight journalistic grounds as, "Flora's going to be in the news for a while and she's one helluva story." We can't do that. If people make news and Nova Scotia has roughly seven times as many people as the Island (which it has), that would mean giving Nova Scotia seven covers for every one the Island gets. We won't do that. We want our covers to prove we're a magazine for four provinces.

Juggling regional stories, not just on our covers but throughout every issue, is what makes editing this increasingly fat magazine so fascinating. And so difficult. Indeed, it's so difficult we'd welcome cover-story ideas from readers like Muriel, who cared enough to write. I'm not saying we'll turn all the ideas into covers, but we'll sure think about every one of them.

## Home-grown superlobsters no longer a pipedream

*Scientists are raising salmon in cages, too, and trout farms are popping up across Atlantic Canada*

Prince Edward Islanders are cultivating the bay scallop, a high-priced delicacy on the U.S. market, and a strain of Irish moss they've found just east of Souris. Newfoundlanders are aquafarming sea scallops. In Nova Scotia, there are experiments with the European oyster; one of the biggest saltwater trout operations on the continent; and a tuna ranch. In New Brunswick, if all goes well, Atlantic salmon will soon grow in cages, just as they do in Norway. (Norway produces more salmon in captivity than in the wild.)

Trout farms are popping up throughout the region. In the Maritimes, 2,000 oyster-culture operators leased 8,000 bottom acres from the feds. Blue mussels are promising as a cash crop. People in both N.B. and P.E.I. are growing quahogs, and a Halifax lab makes lobsters grow 10 times as fast as they do in the sea.

As recently as the early Seventies, many dismissed aquaculture as hippy economics, as projects started with make-work grants and doomed to fail. Some experiments succeeded but, in many cases, the charges rang true. Good intentions and government aid couldn't compensate for ignorance of feeding techniques, disease control, and the like. Purely private outfits went under, too. At Ship Harbour, east of Halifax, a trout and salmon farm dropped \$6 million.

National Film Board production, *The Farming of Fish*, described spectacular Norwegian developments in salmon and trout rearing. It was widely shown in the Atlantic provinces, and biologists feared it would inspire people to jump in early and lose their shirts. "What the film didn't say was that the Norwegians had 15 years of research behind their program," Ron Scapelin of the New-

foundland Fisheries Department says.

Now, our research is catching up. Biologists—mostly federal, working primarily at the main labs at St. Andrews, N.B., St. John's, Halifax and Ellerslie, P.E.I.—are discovering what can be grown and where to grow it, not to mention how. Provincial fisheries departments are undertaking demonstration projects, along with private entrepreneurs, and the feds have some private



Richard Saunders, with cage-reared salmon

companies on contract, too. A training program for aquaculture technicians at the Huntsman Marine Laboratory (part of the St. Andrews complex) is in its second year.

How much do we know so far? Here's a progress report:

**Salmon:** The St. Andrews group has grown salmon in cages for the first time

and matched their growth to averages in the wild—seven to 11 pounds after two summers and a winter. "In the wild, a number would have matured sexually and stopped growing," says Dr. Richard Saunders, director of the genetics program. "This did not happen in cages." The salmon wintered at Deer Island in the Bay of Fundy. Earlier attempts at other locations had failed. The fish had frozen. But the Bay of Fundy, with its constant tidal wash, doesn't reach supercool temperatures, and there's hope it will provide sites for successful salmon-rearing in cages.

"Sea ranching," in which fry go out one year and return on their own to spawn at their point of departure, may turn out to be even more promising. St. Andrews has sent out salmon since 1976, and genetic selection occurs every year. Two commercial operators plan to set themselves up at Grand Manan Island next summer.

JAMES WILSON  
Cape Breton Development Corporation (Devco) has started a salmon program at its St. Peter's hatchery, and Memorial University, St. John's, is running tests. Some aquaculture experts believe it may soon be possible to farm a whole range of Pacific salmon in Atlantic waters.

**Oysters:** Most fish farmers in the region are oyster growers on the shores of Northumberland Strait, the north shore of P.E.I., and the Bras d'Or lakes in Cape Breton. But the "cultivation" usually consists of only one step, such as taking wild oysters from polluted waters and putting them on clean, leased bottom acreage to purify themselves. Many operators, however, are growing oysters from spat (mollusks just past the larval stage) on suspended trays or scallop shells. Knowledge is crucial to success, knowledge of food availability, ice conditions, water currents, etc. If a grower's in the wrong spot, he can be wiped out quickly. One success story is that of

the Eskasoni Micmac band on the Bras d'Or lakes. Their oyster farm started as a make-work deal with the Department of Indian and Northern Affairs. Now, other Indian bands are farming oysters, and Devco has a big oyster operation across the lake at Baddeck.

**Sea scallops:** The Newfoundland government decided to try cultivating

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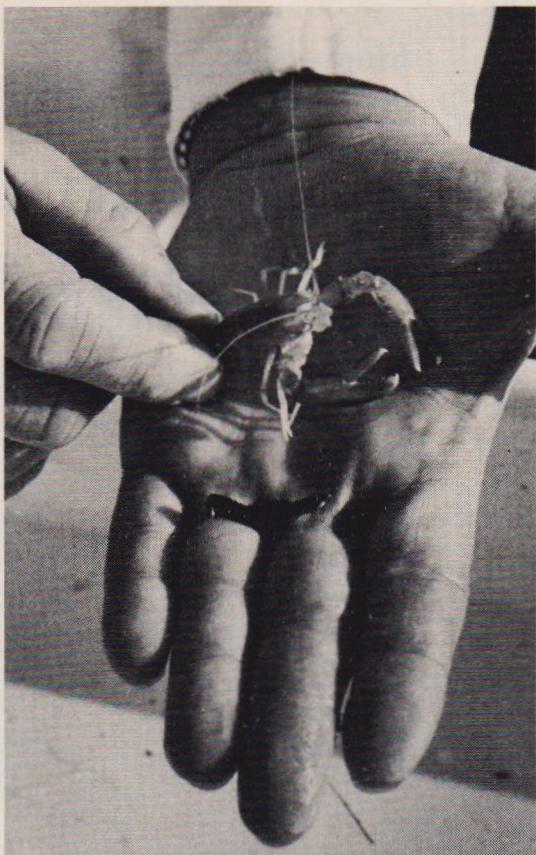
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## The Region



Two lobsters, the same age: Once "ablated," the bigger one "grew like crazy"



John Castell takes a blood sample

deepsea scallops on its south coast in '71. Japanese technicians came in to help local entrepreneurs, but things got too complicated too soon. In '75 the province approached the Research and Resources Directorate of Fisheries and Oceans Canada and research began in earnest.

Now, K.S. Naidu, research biologist, says most of the problems have been worked out. The directorate's calculations show a possible 24% to 34% annual return on investment, even though scallops take five years to mature. A seeding program in Port au Port Bay on the west coast is about to begin, with the ultimate harvest intended for inshore fishermen. Private operators have a few hurdles to clear, notably Newfoundland's failure to set up a system for leasing sea-bottom acres.

**Lobster:** People have been trying to grow lobsters in captivity for at least a century. The lobsters got sick, the feed was wrong, the water wasn't right, almost always something went wrong. Scientists have long known that a gland attached to the eye controls growth. Remove the gland and the lobsters grew like crazy, then died. A few years ago, they found out why: Feeding techniques could not keep up with the lobster's nutritional needs, and it therefore starved.

Now, it appears, that problem may be solved. Dr. John Castell of the federal Fisheries lab, Halifax, has got his lobster up to 23 moults. "Until 1973," he says, "no such lobster ever got past three moults." He has managed to get small "ablated" lobsters to grow 10 times as fast as normal ones. "Ablation" means snipping off the eyes as well as the gland, but Castell says, "An eye to a lobster is not what it is to a human being. It's just another appendage. Often, an extra set of tentacles grows on the eye stump." He compares ablation to castration among cattle.

At Victoria, P.E.I., research into the economics of the technique is already under

way. The program could just turn the lobster market upside down. With proper equipment, anyone could grow lobsters. "Canner-sized" lobsters could grow to fresh-market size in feedlots. Inshore fishermen fear that, if big companies get in on the idea, lobster prices will drop; but Roy Drinnan, the feds' aquaculture co-ordinator for the Maritimes, says inshore fishermen might well grow lobsters themselves.

**Marine plants:** UPEI and the National Research Council are trying to find out why a superior Irish moss grows on a mud bottom at Basin Head, near the eastern tip of P.E.I. Two Nova Scotian companies, Genu Products and Marine Colloids, are testing the commercial potential of growing regular Irish moss in tanks. An inventory of marine flora on the Atlantic coast is under way and F.J. Simpson, director of NRC's regional lab at Halifax, says, "Just a few months ago, one of our biologists cracked the life cycle of dulse." It turned out the female plant was almost too small to be seen. "It was a case of *cherchez la femme*," he said.

**Other:** There are roughly 50 commercial trout farms in the region. Their problems centre on getting eggs, and getting the fish to market. Devco has one of the biggest salt-water trout operations in North America, having bounced back from the disaster of '76 when disease wiped out 600,000 fish. Most other operators must import eggs from California or Toronto. A major priority for trout aquaculture is getting locally produced eggs for research into disease control and genetic improvement. The European oyster, after 10 years of testing by the N.S. Fisheries Department at Musquodobit Harbour, is slowly moving toward commercial production. So is the blue mussel.

But financial, technical and biological problems still afflict aquaculture. Moreover, its expansion could conflict with other uses of the coastal resource. Pollution, vandalism, recreation all threaten fish farming. A community group that raises trout at Whiteway, Trinity Bay, Nfld., recently lost half its stock to vandals. Leo Deveau, of the Nova Scotia Aquaculture Association, says, "We have no protection whatsoever." Others find it appalling that the N.S. government is allowing oil drilling in the Bras d'Or lakes, an activity that could quickly destroy everything that aquaculture has achieved there. But despite such problems the picture, on balance, is good. Fish farming is here to stay.

—Ralph Surette



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## The strange, sad saga of Emerson Bonnar

Back in '64, he snatched a purse. He's still locked up

**O**n August 15, 1964, 19-year-old Emerson Bonnar, in the company of two others, snatched a woman's purse on a street in Saint John. Two days later he pleaded guilty to attempted robbery. Emerson was a first offender, caught in a routine crime, but he has paid dearly. For more than 15 years, he has been locked up in a mental-hospital ward for the violently insane. His mother pleaded to have him removed but no one in authority paid any attention. Now, the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded and a CBC-TV program, *Ombudsman*, have interested themselves in the case and, all at once, everyone is paying attention.

The case raises questions: Why did no one notify Emerson's family of the date of his crucial court appearance? Are key official documents riddled with errors? Emerson was declared a "moron," but is he really retarded? Was he the victim of a beating in hospital? A review board has authority to recommend improved status for Emerson, but should the board's chairman be allowed to sit in judgment of the very man he helped confine? Why did no one ever tell Emerson's family about the board's existence? Why are 37 people held on lieutenant-governor's warrants in New Brunswick and only three in Nova Scotia?

Emerson's mother is Bessie Bonnar, 66, now of Fredericton. He's the youngest of her eight children and when she speaks of him, the words cascade: "That woman's purse was never opened....He hung on to it, never tried to get away or nothing. He just stood there and when the police came, they took him off to jail and said he was criminally insane. They didn't have a trial at all. They said he was unfit to stand trial and mentally retarded."

Emerson had attended a one-room school in Upper Gagetown. His sister, Florence Miller, who was two years ahead of him, remembers, "He was good at school. He graded every year." Bessie's late husband Howard worked in the woods, but the family was dirt poor. "My children didn't have the money to buy hockey equipment," Bessie says. "Florence and him used to make sticks and they tied cans on their feet to pretend they were skating." The family moved to Marysville, and Emerson went



Bonnar's sister, mother still waiting

through fifth grade. Then his father had him come work in the woods with him.

Emerson was first admitted to the mental hospital in Saint John in 1962. He'd complained of insomnia and headaches. His mother says he was never really released, but came home on weekends. She was working at Saint John General Hospital. "I was the breadwinner of the family. His father and the boys, they used to go and have their good times. I had to look out for the house to be kept up, pay rent and all that. Emerson came home this weekend, and this is where he got into trouble. One weekend a month I had to work evenings." Emerson, possibly on medication, met two friends and went drinking wine. Florence says, "When it happened, he was stoned."

**A** week after entering his plea, Emerson was brought back to court. He had no lawyer. No one had told his family. A lieutenant-governor's warrant was approved. Bessie says, "When I went over to see him that week, my God, he was on Ward 9. 'Oh,' I said, 'you didn't put him on Ward 9. Please take him off that ward. He'll never get no better on Ward 9.'"

Emerson has been brought to different hospitals unconscious four times. Once, before he was switched to Campbellton, in 1972, he apparently looked like a battering victim. His mother says, "He had tubes in him, into his nose. He had intravenous, and he had a black eye, cuts and bruises on both arms, and burns or blisters on the bottom of his feet. The doctor said to me, 'Well, what do you think of this?' 'Well,' I said, 'I

think he's got an awful beating from the look of him.' He said, 'They say he fell, but he couldn't get blisters on the bottom of his feet from falling.'"

National television coverage sparked two independent psychiatric assessments, one by the provincial government, which has the final say in warrant cases, and one by the Canadian Association for the Mentally Retarded. If reports are favorable, Emerson may be removed from Criminal Code control and, at least, get the status of an ordinary patient.

Gordon Gregory, deputy Justice minister, says Legal Aid now makes it impossible to commit someone without giving him access to a lawyer. Moreover, since the early 1970s, New Brunswick has had a review board to insure periodic hearings of warrant cases. But the chairman is H.W. Hickman, a former deputy attorney-general and, back in '64, it was to him that the court referred the prosecutor in order to get Emerson's warrant.

A psychiatrist told the court Emerson had been released from hospital in March of '64 and ran out of medication, but Bessie says this is false. She also disputes the hospital file, which says, "This is a very unstable family which has produced several drunkards and quite a number of emotionally upset children. Several members were either confined to jail or have been in this hospital for some psychotic disorder." Bessie says Emerson was the only one ever in a mental hospital, and only two of her boys had scrapes with the law (one for stealing a car, one for killing a man during a fight). "None of us were emotionally upset," Florence adds, "and we're all making our way today."

Is Emerson retarded? Orville Endicott, a lawyer for the National Institute on Mental Retardation, says it's "ridiculous" to classify as retarded anyone who went through five grades without trouble. The point matters. It could have bearing on Emerson's confinement. Dr. Douglas Findlay, a psychiatrist, now in B.C., who treated Emerson, recommends taking him out of the maximum-security ward. Findlay says the main reason why New Brunswick has so many warrant cases is that N.B. judges have been too prone to resort to warrants in minor cases. He says, "There are other cases far more glaring than that of Emerson Bonnar."

—Jon Everett



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# Prince Edward Island

## Irvings and potatoes? Rumors are flying

**T**hroughout the Island this gloomy winter, potato farmers have worried about the third consecutive year of poor prices which, coupled with high interest rates and rising production costs, threaten many with bankruptcy. They also worry about rumors the giant interests of the Irving family are moving into potatoes in a big way.

The facts were known about the grim price situation, and some therefore felt they could come to grips with it. The Irving rumors were different. The subject rarely surfaced in the media or in political debate. It was like a social scandal that was too hot for airing. And in Saint John, Irving maintained its usual silence, secure in the long tradition that its business is no one else's business.

In mid-'79, rumors began that Irving had taken over C.M. McLean Ltd., New Annan, the Island's biggest contract potato buyer and only potato processor. The reports surprised no one, relieved some. When it came to paying the farmers who'd contracted to supply potatoes for frozen french-fries, C.M. McLean had often had cash-flow problems. But journalists who tried to confirm the story, ran into the Irving wall of silence. No confirmation. No denial. Nothing to say at all. Leaks came from New Annan at first, but they dried up.

The silence bred further speculation. As the harvesting of the 1979 crop got under way and forecasts of poor prices again became a hard reality, farmers heard that Irving agents were in the market for potato land. Stories that Irving interests were clearing potato land in New Brunswick strengthened the suspicion.

On the Island, one rumor had it that Irving had bought into H.B. Willis Inc., the largest owner in the O'Leary area. Another story was that Irving agents were offering up to \$700 an acre for good potato land—close to double the going price, and higher than any independent grower could pay. Still a third word-of-mouth report, around Summerside, was that Irving was interested in a cattle ranch and would feed the animals with waste from the McLean plant at nearby New Annan.

Though the prospect of large-scale, corporate agriculture moving into the

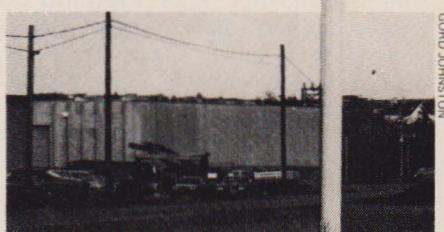
Island should obviously have concerned a government dedicated to maintaining the family farm, Premier Angus MacLean's silence was almost as total as that of the Irvings. In December, however, he did finally say something out loud. He said his government was opposed to any attempts by outside interests to move into Island agriculture but did not specify what action the government could take to oppose them.

The truth is that, under present legislation, the government is all but helpless. The laws against non-resident land ownership contain a loophole through which an adroit lawyer could drive a potato harvester. They require any non-resident who buys more than 10 acres of land to get cabinet approval of the purchase, but they do nothing to stop an outside corporation from taking over an Island company that already owns Island land. Moreover, the Island has no laws requiring public disclosure of the ownership of a private company. As long as both parties to such a transaction keep quiet, the most thorough search of public records will turn up no proof of a transfer of land ownership.

In short, the door is wide open to such outsiders as the Irving interest. Motive is the biggest mystery. Some suggest rivalry with the McCain brothers of Florenceville has something to do with the Irving corporation's sudden interest in potatoes. Others think Irving planners see a chance to arrange food-for-oil deals with OPEC countries that have previously bought Island potatoes. Whatever the motive, Island farmers shudder at the prospect they may be in competition with the silent giant of Saint John.

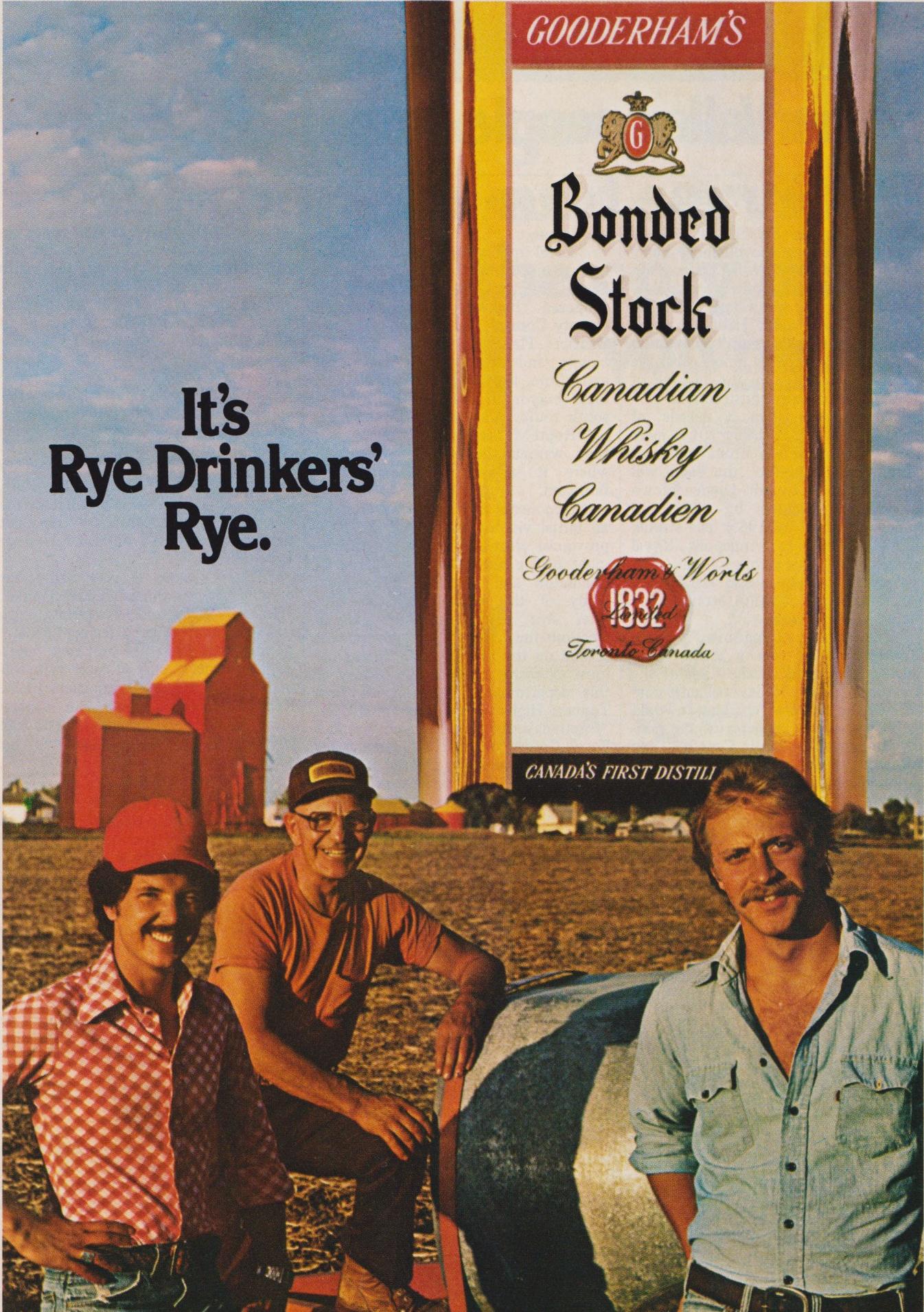
— Kennedy Wells

**IRVING**



GORD JOHNSTON

Irving may want oil-for-spuds deal



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## Some Valley people hate this highway

*They've fought it for 10 years. Too bad. It keeps right on coming*

**S**ome time in the fall of 1986, a tourist leaving the Bluenose Ferry at Yarmouth will swing his car onto a freshly completed, limited-access highway. Pushing the speed limit just a bit, the visitor will reach Halifax a scant three hours later. He won't know that the road he travelled once caused a battle unparalleled in the history of Nova Scotia highway construction.

After more than a decade of rancorous debate, Highway 101 is inching toward completion. From its present terminus at Kingston, the road will reach Middleton by fall, Lawrencetown by 1981, Bridgetown by 1982, and Annapolis Royal by 1985. The stretch from Kingston to Annapolis Royal covers barely one-eighth of the 307-kilometre journey from Halifax to Yarmouth, but it's the section that caused all the trouble.

The Highways Department's choice for this section was a direct route through the broad, fertile floor of the Annapolis Valley. Valley residents condemned the proposal, charging it would destroy hundreds of acres of the richest farmland in Atlantic Canada. They proposed an alternate route along the mountain ridge that forms the Valley's southern edge. The Highways Depart-

ment won.

Local opposition to the north route was virtually unanimous in the early Seventies: Every town council along the proposed highway, the Annapolis County Council, the Annapolis County District Planning Commission, the county and provincial federations of agriculture, the Women's Institute, and local boards of trade supported the south route. All agreed the dangerous old Route 1 needed replacement. But they wanted the new highway built where it wouldn't threaten Valley farmland.

Opponents of the north route won an initial victory just before the 1974 provincial election. The Regan government held a public cabinet meeting at Middleton and promised a complete study of the south alternative. But after five years of study—and an election—the Buchanan government settled on the north route. "It was the most extensive study in the history of this department," according to Tom Tonner, Highways information officer. "From day one it was biased," replies Terry Crowe, director of planning for the Annapolis County District Planning Commission. "They were always looking at their own route and giving good

CHERYL LEAN  
points to it and negative points to the south route. They weren't open enough to really give it an objective look."

The department claimed the north route would be cheaper (\$27.5 million vs. \$31.5 million for the south route). They also said it would cause fewer highway accidents, a more favorable impact on local business and tourism, less damage to wildlife and less soil erosion.

Supporters of the south route disputed most of these claims and

stressed the one defect of the north route that the Highways Department conceded: Its vastly greater consumption of agricultural land. By the department's own reckoning, the north route will require 851 acres of farmland, 364 of them cleared. The south route would have taken 267 acres, only 64 of them cleared.

John Lee, a Middleton High School teacher and one of the dwindling handful of activists in the Highway 101 South Committee, says the Buchanan government was badgered into accepting the north route by the Highways Department bureaucracy, especially Deputy Minister William P. Kerr. Crowe concurs. "Kerr controls the whole thing," he contends. "He's got the power and he's outlasted four or five ministers."

"Terry's nose is very badly out of joint on this thing," replies Tonner. "He sort of staked a reputation on it, and I think he has a feeling he lost." Tonner calls Kerr "the best road builder in Canada," and at least two former Liberal Highways ministers praise Kerr's competence. Says one department insider, "Sometimes I hate the guy's guts, but I must admire his ability."

**T**he progress of Highway 101 could be slowed if the Highway 101 South Committee convinces the federal government to set up an environmental review that's supposed to be carried out on all federally funded projects. The committee has also threatened legal action to halt the highway, but such a move would likely not sit well with battle-weary Valley residents, most of whom want the highway built, whatever route it takes.

A few of the faithful still carry on the fight. "People think we're pushing the stones up the hill just to see them roll down again," Lee says, "but I can sleep better at night knowing that we tried as hard as we could."

In the meantime, a computer mapping technique used by the planning commission and the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design to promote the south route so impressed the Highways Department that they adopted it themselves. They now use it as a tool in their own route planning. It's some consolation to south route adherents, but not much.

— Parker Barss Donham

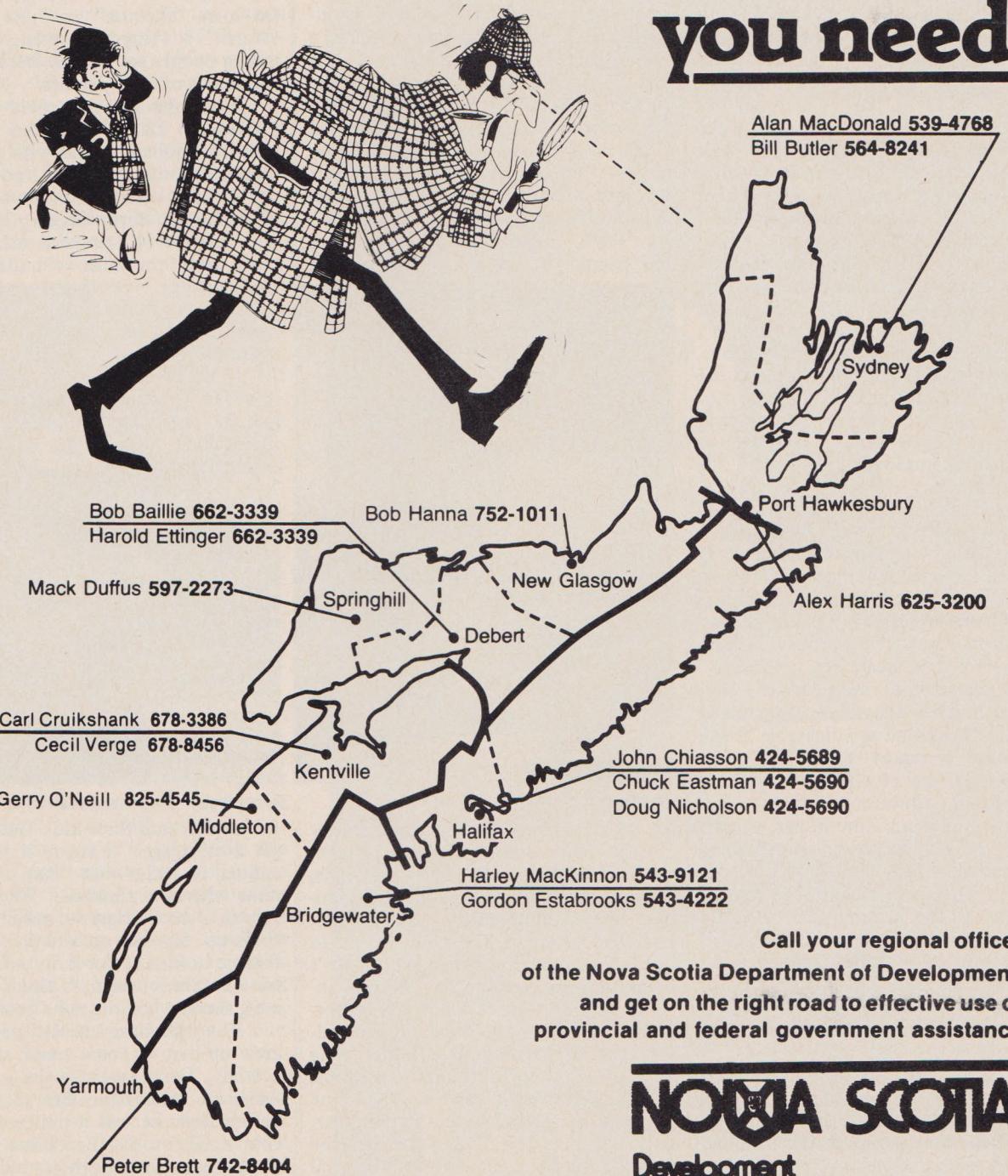


Terry Crowe: Study was biased "from day one"

# 'It's Elementary!'

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## As a guide to government programs and services here's the only map you need:



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and get on the right road to effective use of  
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**NOVA SCOTIA**  
Development  
The Hon. Roland J. Thornhill, Minister

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## Daniel's Harbour: Is there life after zinc mining?

*What can the people do to prevent its becoming a washed-up company town?*

Derek Biggin, 37, safety supervisor at Newfoundland Zinc Mines, pulls up in his new car. The first wet snow of the year has chilled Daniel's Harbour, and in the evening light I can imagine the outport of a hundred years ago: A cluster of small, low buildings, constructed in no particular order but all providing good shelter against the cold Gulf of St. Lawrence. The west coast of the Great Northern Peninsula—"the forgotten coast," Derek's father likes to call it—where the road wouldn't arrive until the 1950s.

Derek's car breaks the fantasy. He'll show me the curling club, the first one north of Corner Brook, and one of the changes I've come back to see. It's four years since I left Daniel's Harbour, and five since the zinc mine brought the first steady, year-round jobs this part of the coast has ever seen. I've come back to see how this outport-no-longer is surviving full employment.

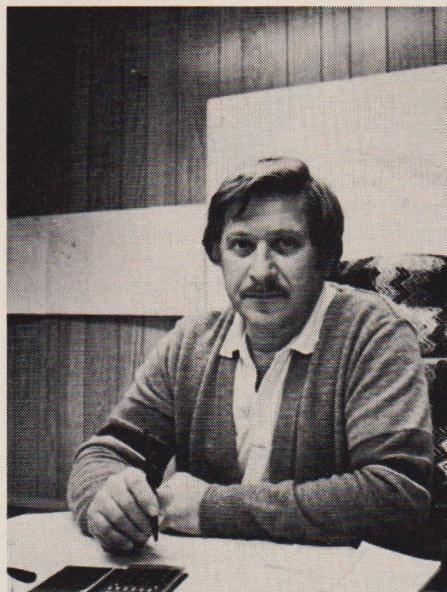
An industry changes a community such as Daniel's Harbour in two ways: It puts money where there wasn't much before; then, it disappears. The story has been the same in hundreds of places, in every country. Now, it's happening here. The mine may already be halfway through its life: Current projections give it only five more years of productivity. What's remarkable about Daniel's Harbour is that its people are determined that it not become as vulnerable as the traditional company town. But they also wonder how much they really have to say about its future.

Newfoundland Zinc Mines, a joint venture of Missouri-based Amax Lead and Zinc Company and Teck Corporation of Vancouver, takes 1,700 tons of ore out of the ground each day. By comparison with others, it's a small mine, but the milled concentrate, trucked 35 miles further north to Hawkes Bay for shipping, is the highest grade of zinc concentrate anywhere in the world.

To get to the ore, the miners tunnel through more than 10 miles of rock. The ground is so porous that, no matter how deep they go, the underground crews work in constant rainfall. The company spends hundreds of dollars a

day to keep the mine from filling up with water. Even so, the operation is profitable: The company has almost recovered its initial \$18-million investment and it's spending half a million a year to find more metal. But geologists find it frustrating to predict where quantities of the ore may be found. It's scattered in slices and patches, and a drill in the right area can turn up no evidence of the ore body. Says chief geologist Charles Dearin, "It's just like hunting for a needle in a haystack."

Newfoundland Zinc Mines employs 169 people. Its payroll puts \$3 million



Al Mitchell: Give men, not cash

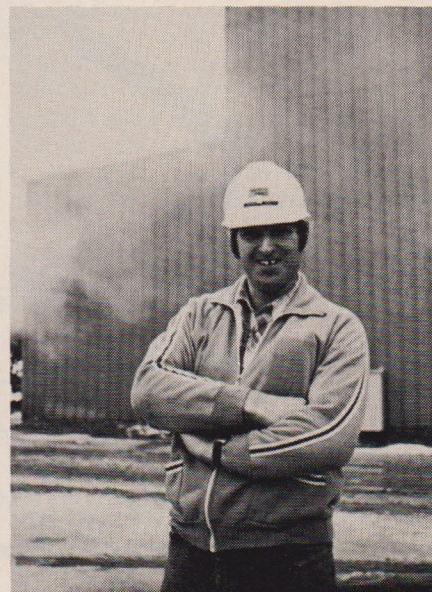
a year into Daniel's Harbour and nearby coastal communities—Portland Creek, Cow Head, Bellburns, River of Ponds, Hawkes Bay—home to about 400 families. Only fishing might pay as well, but this far north the Gulf begins to freeze around Christmas and doesn't break up until April or May. Besides, inshore fishing licences are nearly impossible to get. For the company, the advantages of locating in a settled area with little job competition are obvious, and the turnover at Newfoundland Zinc Mines is unusually low. In the past year, only two men left. Two years ago, the Daniel's Harbour Community Council couldn't get a Canada Works grant to

help build a hockey stadium because unemployment wasn't high enough.

"We're putting a lot of money into a small community," mine manager Al Mitchell says. "I'm very happy to see that the mine has not been a major disruption or instrument in changing the way of life here, because a mine is a wasting resource."

New money has brought new houses and new cars and, behind them, loans and mortgages. Finance companies have offices scattered along the coast and they send out tempting letters with fat loan "cheques" to "just sign and return." It's hard to resist, but some young people are holding back, heeding the advice of their parents.

Not long ago you could live comfortably in Daniel's Harbour on a few thousand dollars a year with your own home, a good supply of food and no debts. Like others, Community Council chairman Barry Biggin, 28, (a distant relative of Derek) is using his income from the mine to build a house



Barry Biggin: No mortgage for him

for his wife and three kids. But he won't get a mortgage: "I figure if I can save enough to build what I can, at least it's mine when I'm finished." Whether he'll stay in Daniel's Harbour when the mine folds up depends on whether he gets a fishing licence. "For a lot of people," his wife Shirley says, "I think it will be a big shock when the mine goes."

The jobs have enabled people who grew up here to come home, at least for a while. Derek spent eight years with Advocate Mines in Baie Verte and, before that, he was a policeman in St. John's. His brother Bruce is a mechanic at the mine now. Both are married and the two families live in houses they built

next to each other. Between them, they have nine children. In almost every household, someone has come home from Labrador City, from Manitoba, from away. The bulging local school has several new classrooms.

To get to the curling club, you leave the old part of Daniel's Harbour, the part that looks much as it did when Derek was a child, cross the highway and head up to the new housing area. If anything smacks of a company town, this is it—several rows of prefab homes and trailers set apart from the older, seated community. Before the mine opened, the Newfoundland and Labrador Housing Corporation bought dozens of acres of uncertain title for about \$1,000 an acre. The price of the serviced and subdivided lots (four or five to an acre) starts at \$6,000. No one but the company has bought any.

The curling club (two ice surfaces and a bar) is just one of a small flood of new facilities Daniel's Harbour has seen since the mine went into operation. There's also an indoor hockey stadium, liquor store, community centre, a part-time bank, several new stores, and a CBC relay transmitter which brings good television reception for the first time. The company isn't directly responsible for any of the improvements, but none of them would be there if it weren't for the community's new economic strength. The company's strategy has been to try to be a good neighbor without giving the appearance of buying a happy workforce.

Mine manager Mitchell explains the company's policy: "I'd far rather provide assistance with men and equipment than dole out cash. I like to see something accomplished for the effort. It's more satisfying." The strategy, of course, also saves Newfoundland Zinc money, but it did make a cash contribution to the hockey stadium. Derek, one of the curling club organizers, also figures labor and materials that the company donated allowed them to build the \$150,000 club for about a third what it would otherwise have cost. (Provincial grants helped out on both projects.)

"The company is educating the people," Derek says as we pull up in front of his parents' place, where I'm staying. "They've never tried to lead us on about how long the mine would be around. And they haven't poured thousands of dollars into new facilities which we couldn't keep up without their money. I think they're helping us out, really, so when they do go, the community won't just collapse." He flips both hands from palms-up to palms-down, to show how complete that collapse could be. "But I suppose we'll survive," he says. "We always did before."

—Amy Zierler

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## Can 500,000 civil servants learn to save energy?

Ottawa motto: Let's turn out the lights and go to sleep

**G**overnment has suddenly discovered 500,000 civil servants occupy an awful lot of buildings which need heat and light, and that many of these people drive trucks and planes which consume fuel. Deputy ministers and their aides have consequently been falling all over themselves to be first out with memoranda on how to cut energy consumption.

Treasury Board says "It is necessary to accelerate the national conservation effort to help restore oil inventories and reduce the possibility of oil-product shortages this winter, particularly heat-

perature at 70 degrees fahrenheit.

Energy Conservation Week gave departments a golden opportunity to fire up the memoranda plant. J.A.H. Mackay, deputy minister of Public Works, said in his memo: "Because of Public Works' special leadership role in the federal government's internal energy conservation program, [an apparent reference to the leadership in setting thermostats at 70 degrees fahrenheit] it is essential that we take advantage of the promotional opportunities taking place at this time to demonstrate in every way possible to OGDs [other

Beaver Energy Conservation reminders, Beaver Energy Conservation stickers and the audio-visual show *Stop and Think*.

"Recover unused or obsolete binders and books for reissue by Material Management and recycle obsolete contents.

"Recover all paper which can be made into pads.

"Everyone clear out their office or work space and desks and supply cupboards and return all extra material for reissue.

"Fashion show to be staged by employees modelling appropriate clothing for comfort in reduced or raised temperatures (and to include an element of humor).

"Energy Conservation T-shirts for sale."

Meanwhile, the government issued (internally only, of course, and without any element of humor) statistics to show how much various departments were reducing energy consumption.



ing oil in eastern Canada." The board warns of the likelihood of "fuel allocation" or "equitable fuel distribution"—it can't bring itself to say rationing—and adds that Energy, Mines and Resources will keep us informed on the international supply of fuel, world demand, possibilities of oil shortages in Canada and how they'll be met.

This came as a surprise to Energy, Mines and Resources, which said it had nothing to say about either shortages or how to cope with them. But Energy Minister Ray Hnatyshyn, when asked at an early-winter cocktail party whether one should convert one's oil furnace to natural gas, did say, "Buy a wood stove." And while the government urged us to turn our thermostats down to 68 degrees fahrenheit, Public Works Canada advised staff to set the tem-

government departments] and the general public examples of this department's commitment to the conservation of energy."

His memo was accompanied by a departmental plan for Energy Conservation Week. Public Works somehow didn't reveal this plan to the public as an example of its commitment to energy conservation, but we are happy to give you a few salient features:

"On the first day, everyone (possible) will either walk, bicycle, take a bus or car-pool-it to work, to develop the spirit behind the overall event.

"Everyone to pay special attention to everyone's lights (especially their own).

"Display tables to be set up in building foyers, giving away 'Beaver' Energy Conservation buttons, Pyramid

There were some slackers. Treasury Board, which had told other government departments to smarten up and conserve energy, had itself increased its consumption by 7.7%. There was worse. The Science and Technology Department had increased consumption by 42.9%; the Atomic Energy Control Board had upped consumption by 209.5% and consumption at the National Energy Board had risen 6.1%. We are glad to report, however, that consumption at Energy, Mines and Resources was down 18.9%. Maybe it won't need a wood stove after all.

— The Fat City Phantom

The Fat City Phantom is privy to inside government information. Atlantic Insight prefers to keep it that way.

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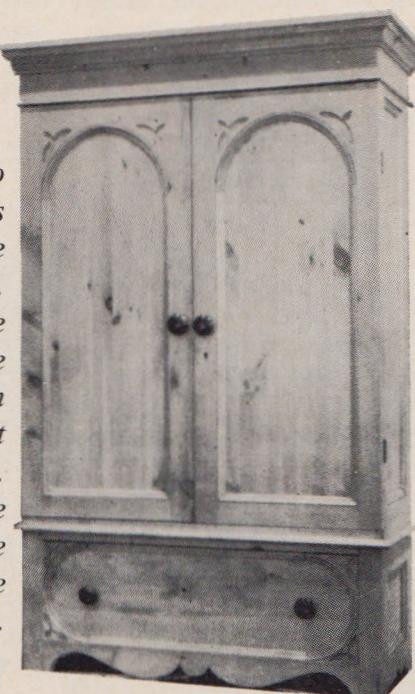
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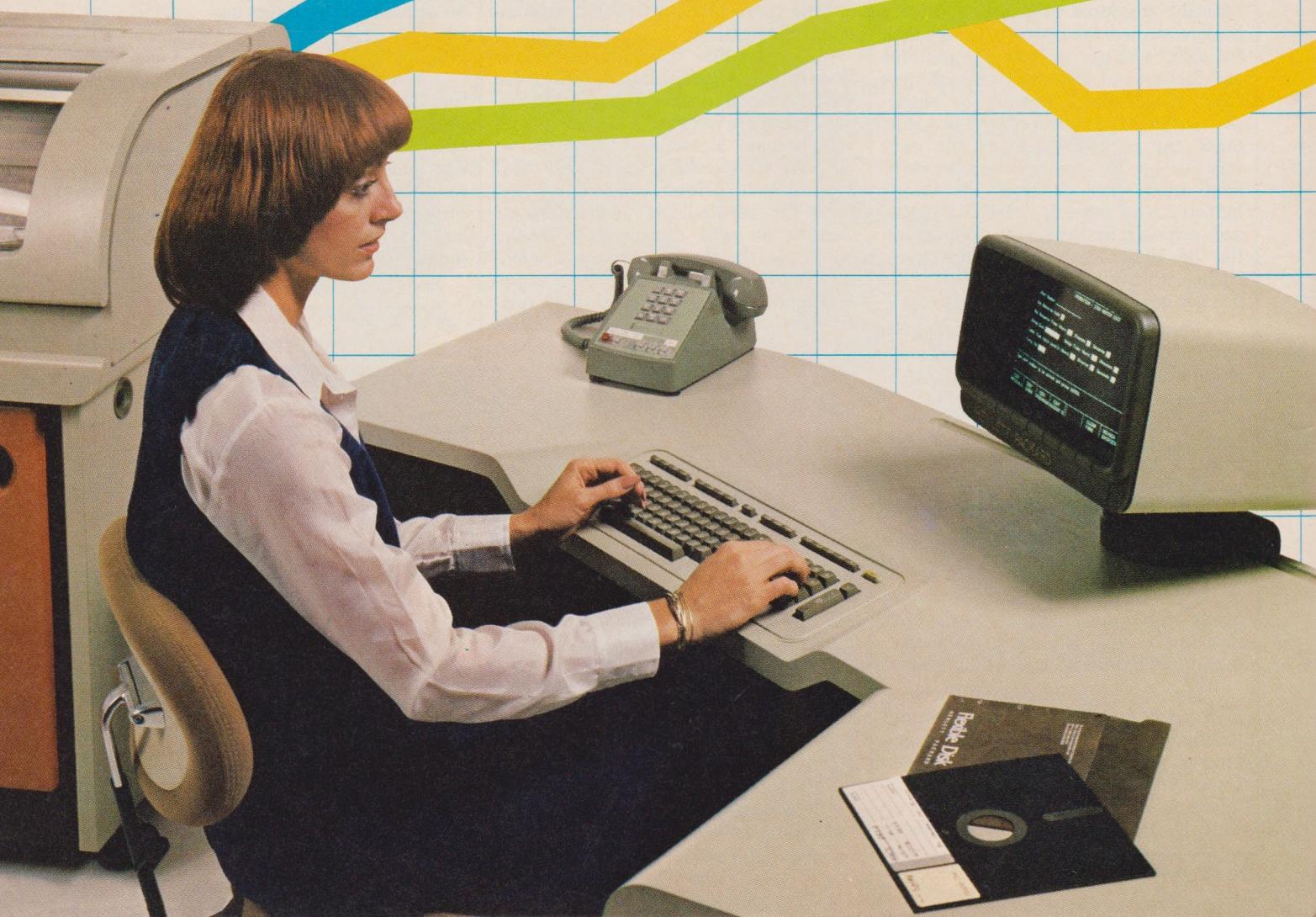
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## International

# They come to "the Coady" from around the world

*But is it living on past glory? Not exactly*

The check-out girl at the Antigonish IGA didn't bat an eye when Agnes Ajogwu put her purchases in a big cloth, folded it up, balanced the bundle on her head, strode out. Antigonish is used to such sights. It's the home of the Coady International Institute, St. Francis Xavier University, and 50 adults from developing nations go there each year just to study leadership and co-op management. Many of the countries are plagued by poverty and starved for investment. "In the past 20 years the Coady has trained more than 2,000 people from 100 countries," Dr. A.A. MacDonald says. MacDonald, a Cape Breton Islander, has been director of the Coady since last June. He says, "People in Sri Lanka and Hong Kong know more than Canadians do about the Coady."

But in eastern Canada, at least, the Coady is raising its profile. Students do field work in Nova Scotia co-ops and credit unions, and the class of '79 used the money it raised from a cultural program to tour Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto.

At a mass in Afton, N.S., Father Joseph Mary Lobo described the poverty at his parish in India, and later the

congregation pressed money on him. Martin Ibrahim Debaleh, a South African, says, "I thought people here would be reserved because I am black. But I found exactly the opposite. When I visited Port Hood, people said 'Hi,' and they asked about South Africa, about my dress, my appearance, my culture. It made me feel good."

If Canadian friendliness and wealth impress Coady students, Canadian waste does not. "What hurts us isn't the cars or the big houses," says Sister Angelina Roche of India's Mangalore region. "You need those things. But you also waste so much. The fruit that your supermarkets throw away would feed starving people in my parish. The plastic bags that Canadian stores put everything in just aren't needed. People could bring their own bags. Here, good clothing is sacked up and thrown away. The waste is criminal. Canadians have no right to live that way."

Atlantic Canadians rarely think of themselves as rich and wasteful and, indeed, it was their success in dealing with poverty that first brought Third-World students to Antigonish. In the late Twenties, Fathers Moses Coady and Jimmy Tomkins worked with eastern

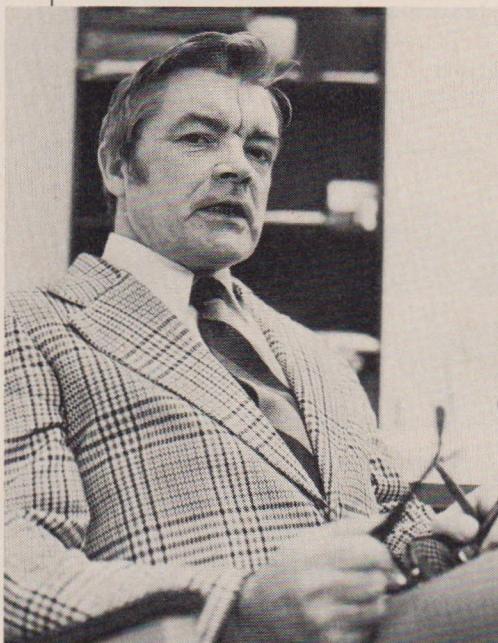
Nova Scotia's fishermen, farmers and miners to overcome poverty by unlocking spiritual vitality. Their method, later called the Antigonish Movement, was a form of Christian social action that incorporated ideas from papal encyclicals, socialism and adult education programs. The idea was to enable people to become "masters of their own destinies" and, within 15 years, the movement helped set up hundreds of credit unions, fish plants, housing projects, burial societies, and other co-ops.

Third-World countries first sent people to Antigonish to study under Moses Coady in the late Forties; and, in 1959, the Coady Institute was founded to serve as what its current director calls, "The only place that trains people for leadership roles in grass-roots organizations in the Third World." Some argue, however, that both the Coady and its parent, the extension department of St. Francis Xavier University, are living on past glory, that credit unions and co-ops are no longer useful, that the place for adult education is the universities.

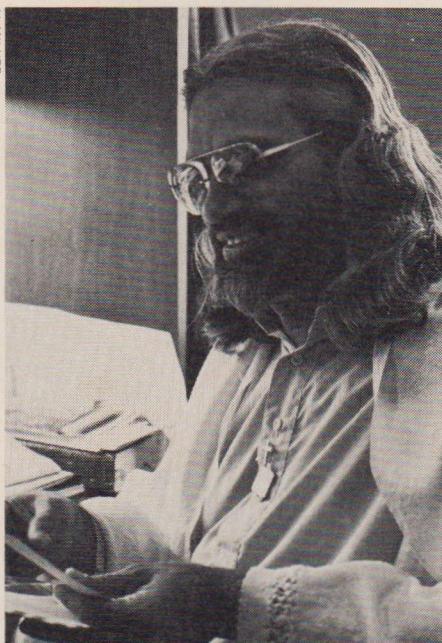
"On our field trips to Cape Breton," Anthony Scoggins of Laval, Que., says, "we saw many of the very things Moses Coady was against." Scoggins was the only Canadian at the Coady in '79. "We saw credit unions being run by a small minority of the members," he continues. "We saw one president of a co-op board who'd been elected in 1938, and was still hanging on. If the Antigonish Movement isn't thriving in Nova Scotia, where it was born, how is it going to work in the developing world, where its graduates are going?" Still, Coady grads do run everything from hospitals to TV stations, from foster-parent agencies to fish markets.

Though students come from abroad, staff often go abroad. They run seminars in India, Bangladesh, Libya, Ghana, Zambia, Trinidad, Brazil, 10 other countries. It was former students who asked for this outreach program, and it now accounts for 40% of the Coady's million-dollar budget. Important as the trips are, the students who come to Antigonish hope they won't dilute the in-house program. "The 50 students in our class, among them all, have over a thousand years experience in development," says Lip Paulo of Hong Kong, "We learn a lot from one another." One thing they learn is the virtue of survival without much money or outside help and, when you come to think of it, that's an appropriate lesson for Atlantic Canada to be spreading round the world.

— Philip Milner



MacDonald: Coady trains Third World leaders



Father Lobo: At Port Hood, they said "Hi"

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Album Radio for **Atlanta Canada**

# Historic Properties, Halifax Tour Shop Dine



# Cover Story

*He'd rather not hear it, but he is cocky, aggressive, and sometimes brash. The custodian of Newfoundland and Labrador's future, he's like no other premier in their history. He is*

## Brian Peckford, politician

By Bruce Little

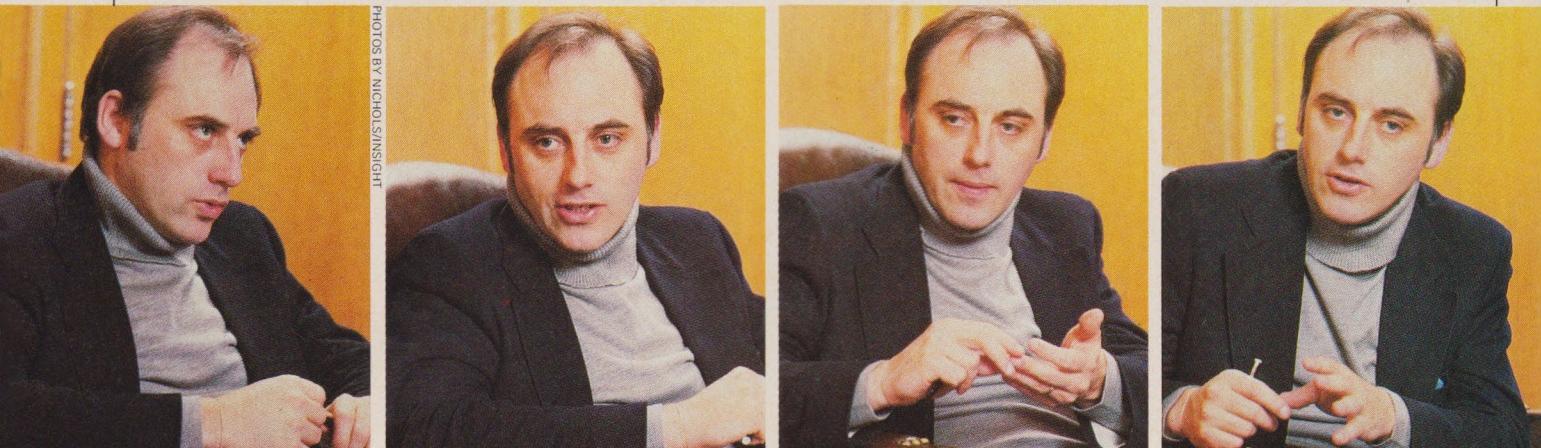
The interview is nearing an end when Brian Peckford loses just a touch of his composure, and lets fly with what's really bothering him: "Look, I'm often portrayed as this cocky little Newfoundland who by accident of birth, time and place somehow got to be premier of Newfoundland. Sure I'm aggressive, but people see only the aggression and not what I'm aggressive about. I tend to be impatient and cocky at times, but I don't need this avenue as an outlet. I can get that playing basketball or jigging fish or snaring rabbits because I'll score more baskets and get

stocks with federal Fisheries Minister Jim McGrath has been growing more bitter, taking on nasty overtones about which man is the more patriotic Newfoundland. Peckford has just dug the knife a little deeper into McGrath. Asked at a press conference about something McGrath said, Peckford shot back, "First ministers deal with first ministers." The smirk on his face was not pleasant.

Peckford knows that when journalists sit down to write about him, the first words that occur to them are ones like *brash, arrogant, abrasive* and *cocky*. No matter that *tough, intelligent, honest* and *energetic* are used just

can chuckle that the "real" Brian Peckford "doesn't exist." In so many ways, he reminds Newfoundlanders of Joe Smallwood, yet in so many other ways, he is Smallwood's antithesis. The mixture of opposites is just a little too rich to swallow easily.

The comparisons with Smallwood, already hackneyed with overuse, became popular from the moment Peckford won the Conservative leadership a year ago: The same intensity, passion for Newfoundland, crackling energy, steely toughness, dictatorial tendencies, and the same capacity to arouse admiration in some, revulsion in others. But it's the differences that make Peckford



more fish or rabbits than anyone else and be happy. I can find other avenues.

"But this is what I want to do right now."

Brian Peckford, performer that he is, has obviously been reading his reviews. It's only Wednesday, but it hasn't been one of his best weeks. On Monday, Joe Clark came to St. John's to campaign, but the only national news from the visit was an unseemly dispute between him and Peckford over whether or not Clark could, or would, formalize Newfoundland's claim to offshore resources before the federal election. The controversy—complete with the transparent hint that Peckford wasn't at all sure Clark would win on Feb. 18—had spoiled Clark's day and handed the Liberals a marvellous line for their platform speeches.

On top of that, Peckford's month-old public battle over the northern cod

as often; Brian Peckford clearly thinks people don't understand him. He's right. Mainlanders don't understand him because he doesn't fit their Newfie-joke-and-Rowdyman image of Newfoundland. His hyperconfident faith in Newfoundland's future is disconcerting. His apparent Newfoundland nationalism positively scares some people. They see in it the seeds of a Newfoundland secession movement. When Peckford describes himself as a "new Newfoundland," other Canadians may dismiss the phrase as trite. It's not. But you need a road map to Newfoundland's history and sociology to understand it, and to put Peckford in context.

But many Newfoundlanders don't understand Peckford either. Wick Collins, the St. John's *Daily News'* acerbic columnist, calls him "a puzzle, almost impossible to define at short range." Even one of Peckford's aides

interesting. Gone is the feeling that Newfoundlanders are inferior to mainlanders, that Newfoundland has to grovel before Ottawa or big corporations for a few jobs, that it has to use its resources as cheap lures for any kind of economic activity, that it has to burn its unique cultural roots.

Yet Peckford is still very much Smallwood's creation, very much the product of Smallwood's revolution. At 37, he's too young to remember the Confederation debates. His generation grew up, as he puts it, "not fully understanding our not being as good as anyone else." Radio and television were battering down Newfoundland's ancient isolation. He grew up in the outports but by the time he was ready for university, there was—for the first time—a real university, not a parochial college, ready for him and thousands like him, people like Cabot Martin, his senior

policy adviser, and Leo Barry, his Mines and Energy minister. They came to Memorial, gawked at the chandeliers and tasted such unfamiliar delights as Salisbury steak in the cafeteria. The townies from St. John's sat near the cash register, and the baymen sat at the lower end of the room. Education has always been respected in the bays. Peckford and his friends approached Memorial with awe, with reverence for the very idea of coming into St. John's and the university to be educated.

When they got their education, the whole world opened up for them. They had become part of what Peckford calls "a revolution between the ears." They weren't inferior and now they knew it. They were "new Newfoundlanders." And with that came the anger at what Smallwood was doing to the province. The university was turning out people who were saying—as Peckford's executive assistant Alvin Hewlett puts it—"We're thankful for the degree, Mr. Smallwood, but we see where you've done some things wrong." Peckford mentions, unprompted, that he's the first Memorial grad to be premier. One of his aides says almost everyone in

Sophisticates, "essentially, the 'baymen' who have 'made good.' " They were anti-Smallwood (though still Liberal) and held "new" political values. The older group were pro-Smallwood and tied to traditional political values.

Peckford was a Sophisticate. In 1968, he wrote a letter to the local paper to express his dismay over the sellout of Newfoundland's resources—the giveaways to the mining companies, the 100-year leases to the forest companies, the sale of cheap Churchill Falls power for the sake of a few thousand short-lived construction jobs. But he was still a Liberal, and president of the Green Bay Liberal Association to boot. The federal election that year, in which six of the province's seven seats went Tory, revealed Smallwood's vulnerability, and the attempt to depose him first coalesced around John Crosbie. When the party and the province divided in the bitter 1969 Liberal leadership convention, Peckford was one of the Crosbie delegates who erupted in fury when their man lost. Two years later, like other Crosbie insurgents, Peckford was a Tory. He became president of the local PC association and

bring things to a conclusion, which is just what we needed," says a man who worked with him. "He was on top of things, he's intelligent and he works extremely hard. That combination is pretty formidable."

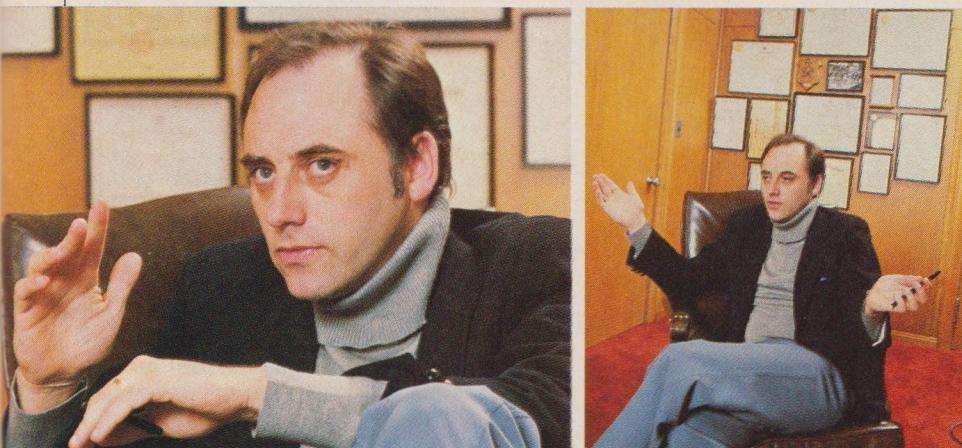
In 1977, the oil and gas companies that had been exploring offshore pulled out, complaining of uncertainty over which level of government they had to bow to. Undaunted, Peckford brought in a stringent set of regulations that offshore explorers would have to meet. As the oil companies held out, Moores and the rest of the cabinet grew skittish and wanted to back off. At one negotiating session, Moores's willingness to give way to the companies so infuriated Peckford that he later threatened to quit the cabinet, and wrung from the premier the sole authority to negotiate for the province.

**P**eckford's vindication came when, one by one, the oil companies came back to St. John's to take out provincial exploration permits. He had won. He had beaten the multinationals; they had signed his dotted line, submitted to his terms. He was the man of the hour. The government had spent five years drumming into Newfoundlanders its stance on resources and they knew what Peckford's victory meant. He was on his way to the premiership.

When Frank Moores announced he was quitting, Peckford was in the United States, plugging Newfoundland's views on the seal hunt. There is a story that he phoned his wife, Marina, and told her to "get packing, we're moving into Mount Scio House [the premier's residence]." He had already taken the hair-trigger off his temper and for the next two months, he ran flat out for Moores's job. By all accounts, he got it without saddling himself with either financial or political debts.

"He didn't make any deals," says Frank Ryan, a St. John's businessman who managed Peckford's campaign. He put a limit on individual contributions, offered no one cabinet posts or jobs and, after it was all over, even published his own expenses. The clincher to his campaign was the endorsement of Bill Marshall and John Collins, two highly regarded MHAs from St. John's. "Marshall and Collins grilled him for hours on his policies," one campaign aide says. "It's fascinating that the turning point was not a rally, but the endorsement of these men on this basis. It was quite a remarkable event." Both men wound up in the cabinet.

As soon as the Tories won last May's federal election, Peckford exploited the provincial Liberals' leadership crisis by calling his own election. The Grits trumpeted the return of Don Jamieson, but Peckford replied with



He's intense, tough, maybe dictatorial. Another Smallwood? Not really

the Premier's Office is a Memorial grad who grew up outside St. John's.

In 1966, English degree in hand, Peckford went to teach at the high school in Springdale, up in Green Bay on the northeast coast. Springdale was so typical of the changes that were sweeping Newfoundland in the late Sixties that a British sociologist, Anthony Cohen, made it the laboratory for his study, *The Management of Myths*. An outport community in many ways, it was becoming more of a town in the North American sense, a regional distribution and service centre. New professionals and entrepreneurs, whose businesses were fuelled by an increasingly cash-based economy, were challenging the merchant's historical power, which had been based on the vicious truck system of credit. In Cohen's analysis, the new people were the

was soon elected to the House of Assembly, the first Conservative ever from Green Bay.

In St. John's, he served his apprenticeship as special assistant to Premier Frank Moores before making it into the cabinet as minister of Municipal Affairs. He lived in a tiny apartment and commuted each weekend to his riding. Alone among his colleagues, he boned up on the fight over offshore resources that was already brewing with both Ottawa and the oil companies and, when John Crosbie went to Ottawa in 1976, Moores named Peckford the minister of Mines and Energy. That was the high-profile job in the cabinet.

The offshore dispute was becoming a confrontation with the petroleum multinationals, a setting to which his talents were particularly suited. "He has a willingness to make decisions and

## Cover Story

such lines as: "Show Don, who came back, that we who haven't left can do the job that needs to be done." Peckford won handily. He had outlined his political philosophy clearly. He had told Newfoundland it must move into the 1980s "resource-oriented but with a social conscience." He believes Newfoundland's resources are its last, best chance for a prosperous future. After decades of botching resource development with giveaways, he says, "We finally have a golden opportunity to do it right. We have an opportunity in 10 or 15 years to be a wealthy, confident, proud people."

But if Peckford still regards the oil-and-gas issue as "my baby," he is careful not to sell it as a panacea: "I keep saying to Newfoundlanders: Oil and gas are not themselves the answer. They are a lever to the answer, a financial lever that will give us the money to put into the fishery, and the forests, and tourism, and all our renewable natural resources. But we have to make sure our regulations apply."

What scares Peckford is the thought that offshore oil might produce a short-lived boom followed by a long-term bust. He wants to stretch out offshore development, to reduce whatever bad impact it might have on the province. "Make haste slowly" is the policy he outlined to Calgary oilmen last fall.

Newfoundland nationalism is central to Peckford's vision of how the province's economic future will unfold. But as Sandra Gwyn observed in *Saturday Night*, it's not the old romantic, anti-Confederation nationalism; rather, it's "nuts-and-bolts pragmatic." It



Peckford as "blue-eyed Arab" at Mockey Night in Newfoundland

turned up last fall in the dispute over northern cod. Peckford wants to keep that cod stock for Newfoundland fishermen, especially inshore fishermen. Ottawa and the Nova Scotia government want Nova Scotia trawlers to have a crack at it too. Peckford is unrepentant about the storm he stirred up with his demands. "It bothers me that they see it this way," he says of Nova Scotia's position. "But what else can I offer 500 communities on the northeast coast of Newfoundland? If I can't offer them that, it's like telling people in the Anna-

polis Valley they can't pick apples.... If these are common resources, then I'd better go to Saskatchewan and claim some of my potash. But they aren't. Canadian resources are there to be used by those Canadians who are nearest them and who have traditionally used them. Our policy recognizes traditional and historic rights, but there's no difference between Nova Scotia wanting our northern cod and us wanting to go after Nova Scotia scallops."

Peckford's economic nationalism is overlaid with vivid concerns for protecting the environment, enhancing women's rights (his cabinet contains two women) and preserving Newfoundland's culture. "I've seen Peckford in four settings," one observer says. "In three of them, he's been a fish out of water, no small talk at all. Then I saw him with a group of artists. They were all scruffy and informal and he was utterly relaxed." When Peckford touches on his creation of an Arts Council he leans forward in his seat, his hands fly, his smile is one of sheer delight.

His defenders insist his Newfoundland-first rhetoric merely reflects a budding nationalism that already exists. He's not creating it from nothing. They agree, however, that it could turn nasty, that the streets of St. John's could someday be filled with cars bearing bumper stickers reading, "Let the Mainland Bastards Freeze in the Dark." Peckford hesitates. "I don't think you'll get that here," he says. But then he concedes that, after being looked down on for so long, Newfoundlanders "could get awfully super-



Intelligence and hard work equal a "pretty formidable" combination

ior. The ground for that could be even more fertile here than in Alberta."

What annoys Peckford is the idea that Newfoundland will use its newfound riches to separate from Canada. "It is contempt of the highest degree," he told a Toronto audience in January, "to say that the Newfoundland people would be so devoid of patriotism that we would be good Canadians while poor, but separatists while rich." Still, you don't have to prod Peckford's aides hard to learn that the *thought* of separation is there. If Newfoundland gets its



Sworn in at Government House, he is at last Newfoundland's top dog

offshore rights, if it wins some say in fisheries management, if the benefits of offshore oil stay in Newfoundland, there is no reason to leave Canada. If none of that happens, well...

"The biggest danger is to frustrate us continually," one of Peckford's staff says. "That would make us separate." Another adds, "There is no way Newfoundlanders would remain poor, powerless and ridiculed inside Canada."

Since Peckford is not an old-style party politician, he sometimes baffles and angers federal Tories. His press secretary, Frank Petten, puts it bluntly: "The province comes first, the party comes second. If party politics gets in the way, too bad for party politics." The cod war may have diminished Peckford's standing in Ottawa. Jim McGrath, speaking to a St. John's audience, coupled "Clark's historic decision favoring Newfoundland's offshore oil jurisdiction" with Peckford's response of "what amounts to a declaration of political war....Everyone is puzzled, bewildered, concerned and disappointed." Appeals to party loyalty do not impress Peckford's people. "The good party man often sells out his province," one aide says.

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It's that kind of rigidity that causes some critics to see a "hint of the jackboot" in Peckford. A sympathizer concedes that Peckford's methods "may cause wounds that won't easily be healed," but nevertheless argues eloquently that the premier's approach stems from the old anger at Smallwood's ways: "There's so much to be done and these guys are filled with the excitement of having a chance to do it. Their impatience and arrogance is a way of saying that those who don't understand had better step aside."

Another fan says the roughshod approach is sometimes necessary, especially "when the government found itself in convoluted arrangements because of personal reasons." That's a discreet way of referring to the distance Peck-

ford has put between himself and Frank Moores. One of his first moves was to break a 10-year contract under which the government would pay Bob Cole, a buddy of Moores, \$47,500 a year to run a unit to help small business. Peckford also dumped the province's Montreal-based ad agency and, when the Tourism Department's advertising account came open, actually put it up for tender. If anything signals a sharp swerve away from patronage politics, that contract does.

What Peckford's critics share is distaste for his style, a sense that his real sin is not playing the game by the rules. It's not good form to embarrass the prime minister by suggesting to reporters you don't think he's going to win the federal election or, if he does, you don't trust him to keep his word so you want it in writing. It's not good form to tell an interviewer you think Roméo LeBlanc had a better understanding of the inshore fishery than

Jim McGrath does. McGrath is, after all, Newfoundland's first federal Fisheries minister. It's not good form to change accents at will, lapsing into an outport accent with fishermen and dropping it elsewhere, or using it—even facetiously—as Peckford did at a federal election rally. He said, "I'll fight the battle on the cod, squid and caplin when I know I got my offshore rights."

Peckford's supporters concede he occasionally says things that might better have been left unsaid, but argue that his quick candor is part of his honesty and that if you destroy one, you could destroy the other. What they don't appreciate is that the toe Peckford needlessly steps on today might kick him in the rear tomorrow, just when he needs a boot least.

Peckford and his people sometimes appear deficient in elementary political tactics. He tends to jump into an issue before he's planned a strategy that'll see him through to the end. He thoroughly works out what he wants to do but not always how to pull it off. Some of those around him admit he scares them with his willingness to "take the first two steps even if he can't see the last two steps." They also worry that his dislike of bad compromises might blind him to the better compromises that are inevitably part of political life. Give-and-take is the lifeblood of politics and federal-provincial relations, but Peckford seems more inclined to take than to give. Still, even Jim McGrath, in the heat of the northern cod dispute, said in a mellow moment, "This is a young government; we're a young government. These are minor irritants."

If Brian Peckford has rough edges, time may well rub them smooth. He is already toning down the rhetoric of self-interest. Despite his determination to get the most for Newfoundland from offshore resources, he can still say "the Canadian interest overrides the Newfoundland interest" in a crunch. But he is convinced Newfoundland can make its biggest contribution to national unity by standing on its own and that, to do that, it must control its offshore resources. He believes, too, that Confederation is flexible enough to allow that provincial control.

"That's not nationalist rhetoric," he says. "It's provincialist rhetoric and you can't be a provincialist unless you're part of Canada. I can do more for Canada with offshore control and 7% unemployment than I can by sticking with the status quo and having 17% unemployment."

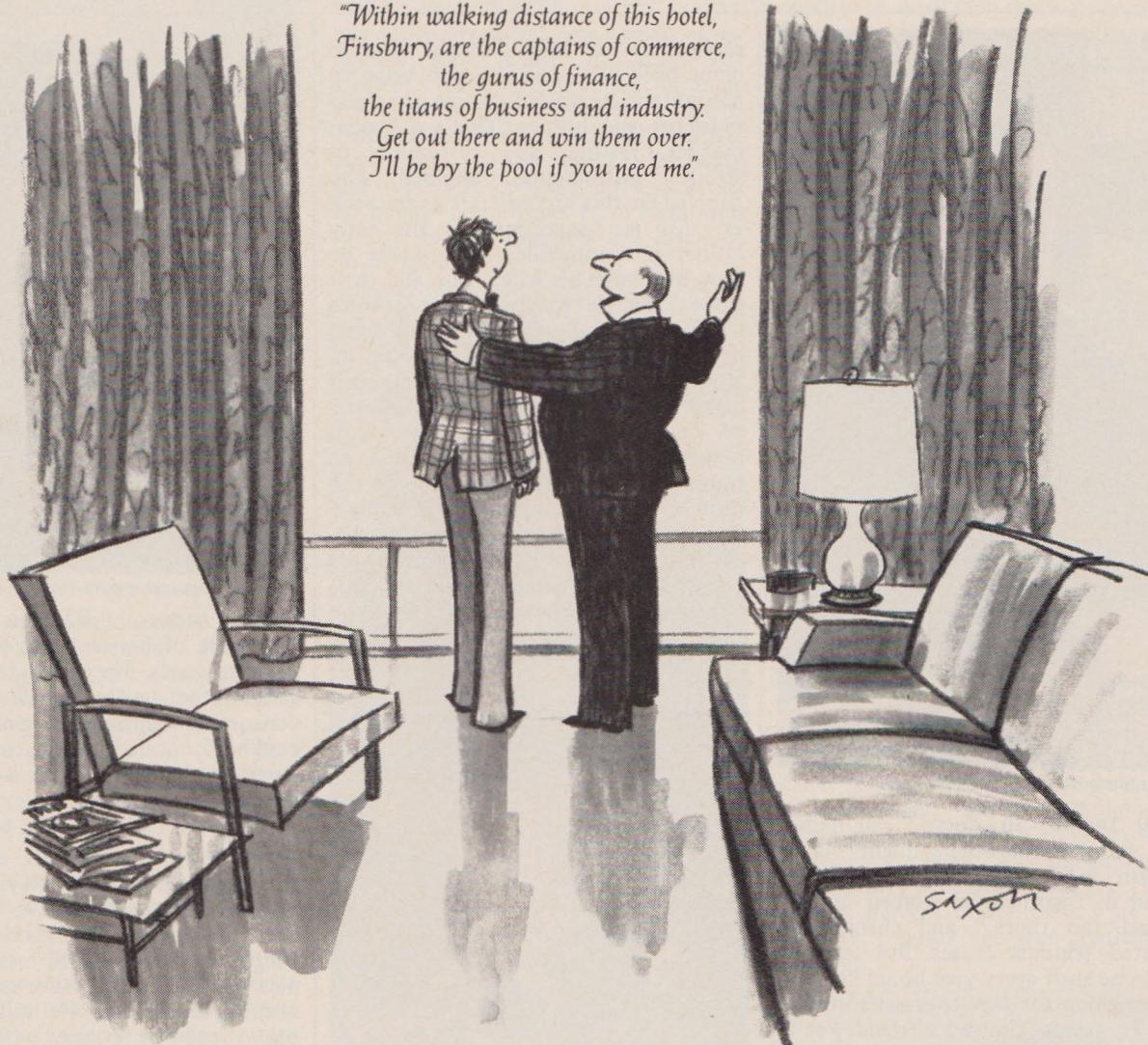
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# Folks



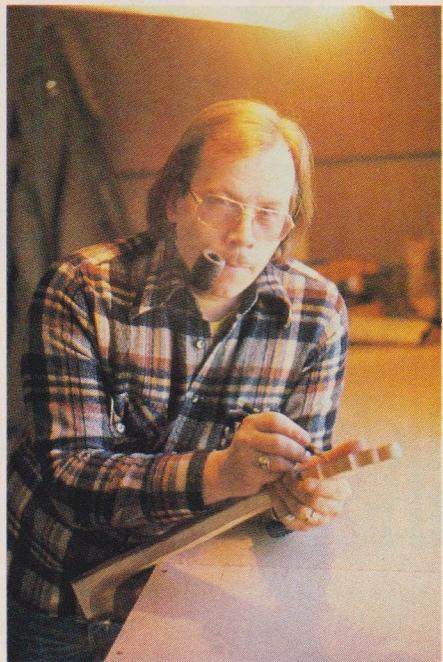
**From feminist to business pioneer**

**D**ell Texmo, 36, doesn't call herself a pioneer but others might. As an English teacher at Memorial U., she found its treatment of women "a little behind the times," and championed assorted feminist causes. But teaching the same stuff every year bored her, and campaigning for new courses frustrated her. To escape, she and a friend, Penny Hansen, got help from the Federal Business Development Bank, bought a row house in old St. John's, opened a restaurant and kitchenware shop. Upstairs, Hansen ran the restaurant; downstairs, Texmo, on unpaid leave from Memorial, ran the shop. Upstairs and downstairs, the place was a hit. When a historic waterfront site, the Murray premises, opened its rabbit warren of rooms, Texmo and Hansen plunged again. Downstairs, Hansen opened the Speakeasy, a wine bar with quiches and cheesecake. Upstairs, Texmo opened Living Rooms, a shop selling furnishings, knicknacks, antiques. Texmo's no longer at Memorial ("I couldn't face marking papers again") and she doesn't lecture much on feminism these days. But she has founded and owns two stores and, among women in St. John's, that makes her something of a pioneer.

**T**hough some think Alberta's the place to be, **Gordon Campbell**, 36, is not one of them. After four years in oil-fat Edmonton and nine in the fat-cat public

NICHOLS/INSIGHT

service, he not only quit the west to come back home, he also quit being an accountant to work full-time as a folk-musician and luthier. That's a maker, mender, restorer and customizer of stringed instruments. Campbell, who dabbled in this arcane craft as far back as '73, is unquestionably the only luthier in Centreville, N.S., where he now lives with his wife, Jean, and their three kids. He works at the Artisan's Co-op in Wolfville and hopes that some day he'll earn enough by building instruments to quit repairing them. He'll make not only guitars but also hammered and mountain dulcimers, banjos, mandolins, fiddles. Only last June, he found himself smoking his pipe on the roof of his Volvo in Edmonton while a flood swirled around him. He thought, "If I'm going to drown, dammit, it's going to be in Atlantic seawater, not Edmonton sewer-water." So then he came on home to do what he likes doing best, and he says, "One has to be what one is at heart."



**Campbell's through with the oil-fat west**

**T**he widow Walsh recently took up the fiddle. Her step-dancing at Summerside parties and on local TV had already made her a minor celebrity and, among those who grasp that a culture marches on its stomach, her cooking had established her as a guardian of Acadian customs. She is **Minnie Walsh**, 61, and she began to fiddle simply because she thought she'd enjoy it. That's also why she whomps up chicken *fricot* and *rapure* that are so delicious they'd convert even a Leonard Jones to Acadian ways. Born an Arsenault at the



**Step dancing and rapure**

NICHOLS/INSIGHT

Brae in western P.E.I., she eventually lost most of her language but not her Acadian roots. They include dishes her grandmother taught her. When Minnie's concocting them, she's a cook without a cookbook and, like so many other Island Acadians, a cook with only a memory.

**J**arvis Benoit made his début as a professional musician playing harmonica on a street corner in Watertown, Mass. It was a big occasion for a Cape Breton boy: Trade was brisk and pennies tinkled into his sailor cap. Then his mother found him. He was five years old. At eight he returned with his family to Arichat and there, in the Thirties, took up the fiddle in earnest, developing a style that's been compared with that of the great jazz violinist Stephane Grapelli. Now, with a Solar label recording under his belt and a quartet under his name, Benoit is definitely going places. The quartet—son Louis on guitar and mandolin, Andrew Russell on guitar and banjo and Alex Reitsma on double-bass—has been playing together for a year and developing a unique sound that's a combination of traditional Acadian, Scottish, Irish and Québécois tunes tinged with down-east flavor and a touch of Thirties swing. For Benoit himself it's a long way from Forties stints with the Acadian Playboys and big band music in the Fifties. Tired of the road, he now plays how and when he wants to: For radio and folk festivals, at pubs and parties. "We don't quite fit in anywhere," says Russell, of their eclectic musical style. Fans of their exuberant reinterpretations and meticulous musicianship don't care a bit.



NICHOLS/INSIGHT

Pianist Quinton wants more acclaim

**A**t 16, Newfoundland's Karen Quinton knew what she wanted: "Music was the thing I enjoyed doing most." Now, at 31, she's an internationally acclaimed pianist, living in England because it's a good jumping-off place for European tours, but back in her home province for some public performances. She loves touring and wants to continue playing throughout the world. "It sounds very exciting," she says, "but it's very natural." Quinton practises five hours a day, attends lots of performances by other artists, and finds time to study law and economics, too. After graduating from Montreal's McGill University and Quebec's Conservatoire de Musique with distinction, she went to the Soviet Union as the first Canadian musician to take part in a Canada-USSR exchange program. She stayed two years and learned a lot: "There are so many fabulous artists in the Soviet Union." She's performed on national TV and radio in Canada and as a soloist with the Newfoundland and Toronto symphonies and the Hamilton Philharmonic. That and her European jaunts won her a clutch of rave reviews. Her current goal: To keep improving and "keep being acclaimed."

**A**ndrew Cochran has gone a long way since '73 when Gerald Regan, then the premier of Nova Scotia, grabbed him by the lapels, shoved him against a wall, and called him a "fat little pig." Cochran was then a young reporter for CJCH-TV, Halifax, and Regan resented the on-camera grilling he'd just given him. Today, Regan's an ex-premier but the "fat little pig" is scarcely an ex-broadcaster. At 28, he's been a field producer for CTV's *W-5*, producer of *Canada-AM*, senior producer of the

short-lived *CTV Reports*, and executive producer of the network's nightly news. In '78, he quit CTV after a policy fight with its brass, but CBC quickly scooped him up to organize a new weekly, investigative show about medicine. *The Medicine Show* had its débüt in January, and Cochran may soon be back in Toronto for another top CBC assignment. But he still misses the ocean and expects to be home in Nova Scotia for good "in anywhere from 18 months to five years." Are you still listening, Mr. Regan?



CUSANO/INSIGHT

**N**ew Brunswick film-maker Jon Pedersen was aiming for commercial success with his award-winning *Ski Peru*. It worked. So far, TV rights to the 28-minute ski adventure have been sold in Canada, Japan, Scotland and England. The U.S. may be next. Meanwhile

Pedersen, 35, has learned plenty about hustling films for distribution. He worked with the National Film Board for 10 years before making *Ski Peru* with a group from the University of New Brunswick. But although he learned lots about production he knew nothing about distribution. Pedersen doesn't ski. But skiing the Andes struck him as "exotic", certainly "more appealing than skiing in Ontario or New Brunswick." When the film took first prize at Saskatchewan's Yorkton Film Festival,

he admits, some people thought it peculiar that the film-maker was from New Brunswick. Pedersen's living "as quietly as possible" these days on his farm near Saint John and planning a "less superficial" film, possibly dealing with the grinding of lenses and the "subtle thrill of telescopes." He admits the next one may be "harder to sell."

**A** trucker's life is a lonely one, as scores of country and western songs will tell you. It can be dangerous, too. But Darlene Coghlan of Upper Woodstock, N.B., doesn't worry about that. She climbs into her 26-wheeler, turns on some country music and, "I get a feeling of freedom." It's a feeling not many women experience: Coghlan, in her thirties, is one of only a few female truckers in the east. Her 15-hour trips over the eastern circuit started when she travelled with her husband Bob, also a trucker, and took over for him when he got tired. "I guess I have always been able to drive anything," she says. CB radio contacts call Bob "Never Worry," Darlene "Tea Bag." They alternate trips so that one of them's always at home with their three children. Coghlan doesn't make a big deal about doing a traditionally male job and admits she's not able to do everything a male trucker can: "I can't change a tire because I can't lift them." But she likes the work, although she wouldn't want to do it seven days a week. And she enjoys her CB contacts with other truckers. "Ninety-nine percent of the drivers are considerate, friendly and true gentlemen," she says.



"Tea Bag" keeps on truckin'



## Good, old Williamsburg, Virginia

*"The pipes squealed, the drums banged, a cannon went off with a hell of a roar," and there they were, back in 1760*

By Walter Stewart

We were standing on the edge of Market Square, just off Duke of Gloucester Street. To the right, at the end of the street, a Great Union flag waved over the Capitol, former seat of government for Virginia Colony. To the left, a lawn swept up to the Governor's Palace, where a lion and unicorn glowered stonily at each other over the gates. A guardhouse and magazine squatted behind us, and down the street the shops, taverns and craftsmen's homes looked much as they did in the middle of the 18th century. A company of students from the College of William and Mary, dressed in ancient militia garb, lugging 200-year-old rifles, pipes and drums drilled on the grass before us. The pipes squealed, the drums banged, a cannon went off with a hell of a roar and a couple of oxen looked up with momentary interest. A tubby tourist, patting a stomach swollen with Brunswick stew from Josiah Chowning's Tavern, summed it up: "Williamsburg," he said solemnly, "is swell."

Colonial Williamsburg isn't just a place steeped in history, like hundreds of places all over North America. It is a place where history has been brought alive again. Its style of restoration is

increasingly common, often delightful: Kings Landing and the Acadian Village in New Brunswick, Fortress Louisbourg in Nova Scotia, Upper Canada Village in Ontario are other examples. But none is so large, complex and satisfying as Williamsburg. With imagination, the visitor can step back 220 years, to a time before the American Revolution and a bustling centre at the heart of a

raw, untried nation. Virginia was by far the largest and most populous of Britain's North American colonies, stretching from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, from the Shenandoah Valley to the Great Lakes. The capital of this minination was Williamsburg, on the James River, a trade centre, seat of learning, heart of government and, with the aid of such upstarts as Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry, the seat of rebellion. It was in the city's House of Burgesses that ringing speeches challenged British rule. Today's visitor can sit in Henry's chair, close his eyes and hear the anguish and anger of the pre-Revolution debates.

Williamsburg's illusions of the past are based on the usual elements. Men and women in costumes of the time work at centuries-old trades: Silversmithing, weaving, bootmaking, serving at tables. Old guns, furniture, toys, wagons, axes, vases and paintings cluster in buildings so lovingly re-created or restored that the effect is more like stepping through a time warp than visiting a tourist centre. You can dine in a colonial tavern, sit on the same chairs, eat the same food, quaff the same drinks, hear the same music—but pay, alas, a stiffer bill than our ancestors did. You can ride in a carriage, stroll along the high street, visit the courts, see the jail, argue the virtues and defects of the Stamp Act with the locals and



History comes to life

PHOTOS BY JOAN STEWART

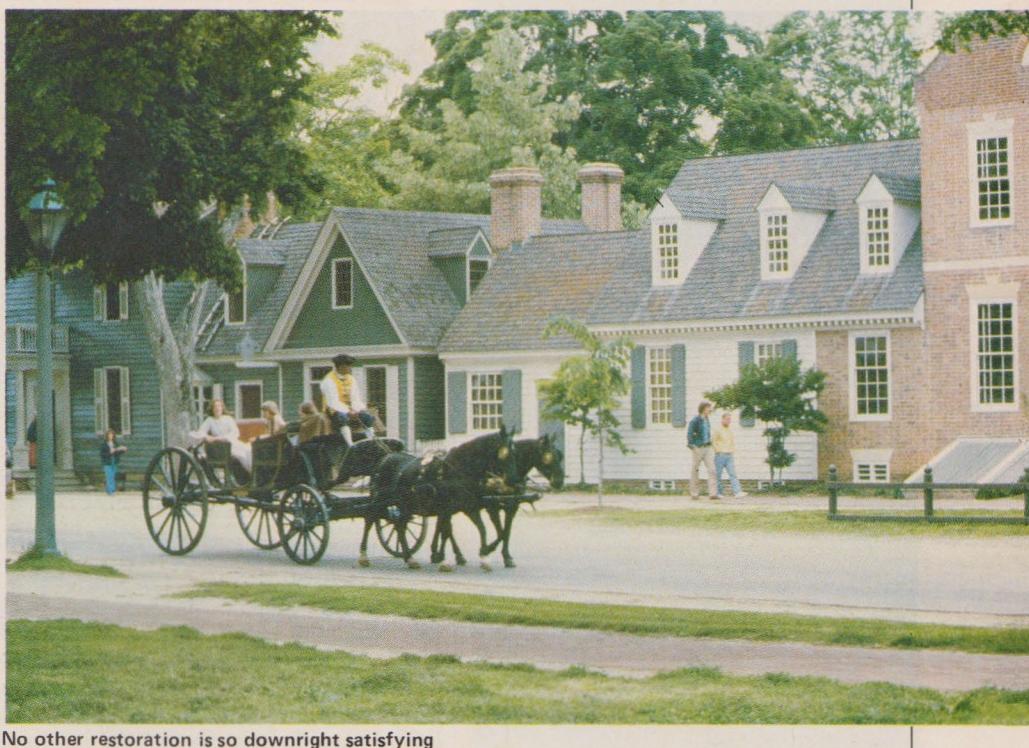
thank God you don't have to cope with colonial-era sanitation, when a strong stomach was as essential as a strong arm, and a stuffed nose was a blessing.

What makes the place work is its size and style. This is no dinky line of houses and shops with a hamburger stand at the back, but a complete town, a mile long and half a mile wide, with everything in place from the homes of the burghers to the churches, shops, taverns, stables, courts and public squares. At a candlelit concert in the Governor's Palace—a delicious experience—not only are the costumes, music and wall hangings authentic, but the solo violinist plays an instrument made in 1757, and the harpsichord dates from 1762.

The restoration began in 1926, when W.A.R. Goodwin, professor of religion at William and Mary, approached oil baron John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and persuaded him that restoring the ancient capital might help remove the stench of Standard Oil operations from the public nostrils. The Rockefellers waded in with money, energy and skill, reaping their reward in good public relations plus a tax writeoff in the Colonial Williamsburg Foundation. Everything was done thoroughly, expensively and with taste, from the archaeological digs to the Abby Aldrich Rockefeller Folk Art collection, a stunning display of colonial art and artifacts. Eighty-five percent of 18th century Williamsburg was restored, at a cost of more than \$100 million. The project is non-profit but charges fees to help cover operation and continuing restoration costs. To visit all the facilities, you purchase an admission ticket—\$8 for one day, \$12 for two, \$15 for three, half-price for children. It takes at least two days to do the place properly, but you can stroll up and down and see things from the outside for free. (That's a bit like saving the cost of a football ticket by watching from a tree in the next field.)

Williamsburg attracts about two million visitors a year. In the summertime, it's deluged with tourists. The best time to visit is in the early spring or late fall, when the crowds are down. Anyone from the Atlantic area heading for Florida can reach the resort by car in less than an hour off either of the two main routes south. Four airlines serve Williamsburg—Allegheny, National, Piedmont and United—and a bus will whisk you from Patrick Henry International Airport to the Williamsburg Information Centre, an essential first stop for any visitor. The Greyhound and Amtrak terminals are within a few hundred yards of the site.

Colonial Williamsburg operates its own hotels, including an inn, a lodge, a motor house and colonial houses in



No other restoration is so downright satisfying

the restored area. None of them is cheap. Rates at the inn run from \$60 to \$85 a day, U.S. (the double rate is the same as the single); the other accommodations taper down from that; the motor house rate is from \$41 to \$46 a day. All of the accommodations are first-rate, but I most enjoyed the colonial houses, which run about \$50 a day and combine comfort with nostalgia, colonial furniture with modern plumbing. Reservations are required, and it is wise to book early through Colonial Williamsburg, P.O. Box B, Williamsburg, Va. 23185. The

usual motel chains and dozens of independents crowd the new city which surrounds the colonial area. They're cheaper, but not as much fun.

There are four large restaurants on the restoration site, and three taverns featuring colonial recipes. Here, too, prices are far from cheap—about \$50 for a full dinner for two with wine—but the food is good and the service superb. I found some of the colonial dishes flat, but made up for it by scoffing gingerbread cookies from the bakery; they went down like fodder for the gods. Williamsburg is swell.



The capital of what was once a colonial mini-nation

# Sports

## Silver Broom sweeps Moncton

*Canada hasn't been curling champ since '72, but never mind. It's party time*

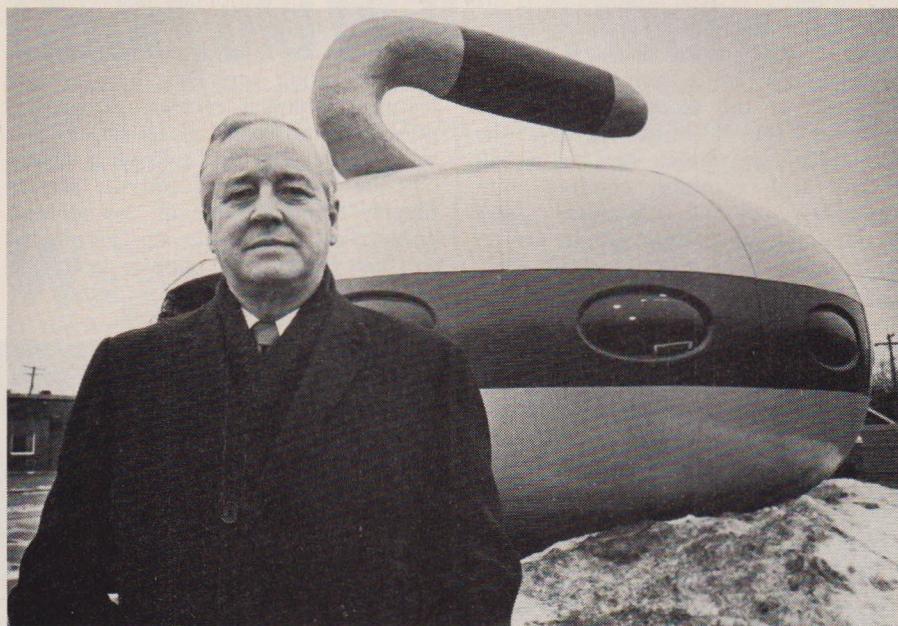
By Roma Senn

**A**t 35 feet wide and 25 feet high, the curling stone in central Moncton might make the Guinness Book of World Records. It was a pizza joint until local curlers turned it into the ticket and information centre for the biggest event ever to hit the city: The Air Canada Silver Broom World Curling Championship which, from March 24 to 30, will bring 4,000 curlers and fans to town.

Organizers expect the Broom to inject \$3 million into Moncton's economy, and indirectly to spin another \$12

figure-skating championships helped. But with a population of 80,000 (including Dieppe and Riverview) it barely met minimum requirements for accommodations. (The day Air Canada came to town for talks, a major hotel burned down. It's since been rebuilt.) But it did have good curling facilities, an enthusiastic and knowledgeable organizing committee, and hordes of volunteers. About 200 are working on 23 committees, and at least another 100 will pitch in during Silver Broom week.

Moncton's three curling clubs contributed most of the \$1-million cost of bringing the Broom to the city, largely by selling \$200-booster tickets. Regular tickets sell at \$55-\$75 for the week's events. Air Canada, the sponsor since '68, won't be specific about its contribution but it's probably no more than \$350,000, with most going toward publicity and transportation costs. The airline's unapologetic about the set-up: "Every city knows the Silver Broom makes money," says Doug Maxwell, Air Canada's Silver Broom man.



CUSANO/INSIGHT

Bud Gerth: Moncton isn't Berne, but then Berne isn't Moncton

million into the region. And if Moncton isn't exactly Berne, Switzerland, site of last year's Silver Broom, it's counting on down-home hospitality and meticulous organization to show visitors a good time. Moncton naturally wants the event to run without a snag. "We just won't get another chance," says Bud Gerth, the city's Silver Broom chairman.

City curling enthusiasts first went after Air Canada six years ago. But not until the third bid did Moncton's booster spirit finally sell airline officials. Its reputation as an organizer of such national sports events as hockey and

Merchants already have a gleam in their eyes just thinking about the influx of well-heeled visitors. "It's almost like Christmas," says Preston Beaumont, Broom public relations man. Retailers plan to entice visitors with everything from champagne and pancake breakfasts to fashion shows. No one knows how well they'll do but in Winnipeg, the '78 host, an astonished furrier raked in \$35,000 in one day. He hadn't known Canadian furs were all the rage in Europe. Our devalued dollar could provide a field day for shoppers from the U.S., Italy, Denmark, Sweden,

Norway, Scotland, Switzerland, France and Germany. In several curling countries, wages are higher than in Canada. (A Swiss receptionist earns about \$20,000 a year, an executive secretary \$27,000, salesmen \$37,000.)

Moncton stores have been fast off the mark. Sears named a Silver Broom committee last year. "It's good for our image," a spokesman says. It doesn't hurt profits either. Sears ordered "high quality items" and souvenirs "in good taste." They'll also display the Silver Broom trophy and take pictures of curlers standing beside it. Most stores plan to hang Broom decorations and merchants are snapping up ads in the Silver Broom program of events.

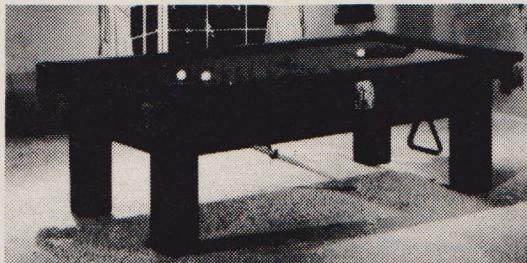
Hotels and restaurants also anticipate a big week. Most of the more than 2,000 rooms in a 64-km radius of Moncton have been booked for months. Local curlers are offering visitors a \$16 bed-and-breakfast deal. After the banquet served in Berne last year by Atlantic Canadians—a traditional courtesy extended by the following year's host—Moncton restaurants have a hard act to follow. Curlers gathered in a 400-year-old Swiss restaurant to feast on Digby scallops, Newfoundland smoked salmon, New Brunswick lobster and Malpeque oysters, all flown in fresh for the occasion.

Curling volunteers expect to make \$40,000 selling 21 varieties of official souvenirs, from Silver Broom dollars to coffee mugs and "lobster-oriented" items. They'll plow profits into the three local curling clubs and a campaign to encourage curling among young people who've chucked their brooms for trendier sports like racquetball and cross-country skiing.

Social events associated with the Silver Broom rival the athletic competition and, for some, may even surpass it. Countries try to outdo one another at party-throwing, and Moncton's determined not to be overshadowed. The Coliseum will have five lounges, and there's also a pub for "pond-hoppers" who've jetted across the Atlantic. Visitors may also tour maple-sugar farms and factories, take sleigh-rides and see craft and quilt fairs. For a sport that columnist Allan Fotheringham calls "lawn bowling in slow motion," curling has put Canada on the international map almost as much as hockey. Yet no Canadian team has won the Silver Broom since '72. Maybe this year? Maybe. Whatever the outcome, one thing is certain. "Moncton," says one Broom volunteer, "will be just like Mardi Gras."

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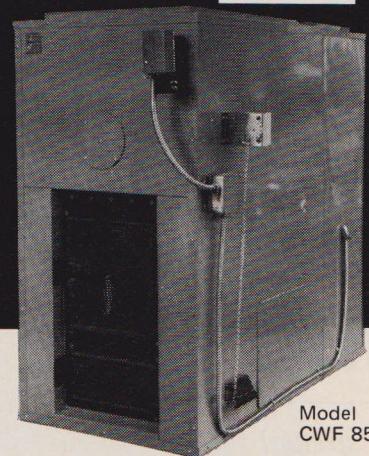


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# Education



PHOTOS BY CUSANO/INSIGHT

"A bastion of United Empire Loyalists and the British establishment"

## What ever happened to the old school tie?

*A special report on the private boarding schools of Atlantic Canada. They're not exactly British, and those who attend them can thank heaven for that*

By Heather Laskey

Drums banging, pipes and brass blaring, a cadet band in Black Watch kilts marches up the drive. At the soccer field, girls in short-skirted tunics yell encouragement at a student team playing a match against the staff. A plump girl with braces on her teeth leans on a bench, writes "I must participate in group sports" for the umpteenth time, stops to retrieve the headmaster's glasses just before they're demolished by a sturdy female bottom. A youth on horseback, wearing formal riding gear, reins in to watch as the science master scores a goal. It's afternoon at King's-Edgehill School in Windsor, N.S.

In 1788 the first Anglican bishop of Nova Scotia founded King's College School as a bastion of United Empire Loyalists and the British establishment. Almost 200 years later, in 1976, King's amalgamated with the neighboring girls' school, Edgehill. Together with New Brunswick's Rothesay Collegiate and Netherwood schools, they form an exotic eastern breed: The only private boarding schools in the Atlantic provinces.

Their model was the British public (really private) schools. But although they share prefects, uniforms, morning chapel, cadets and a commitment to academic excellence, the resemblance

really isn't that strong. Britain's public schools represented the invidious barrier between classes: Gentlemen and Others. Babies' names went on waiting lists. A place for one's child at the right public school was the first step on the social ladder. Indoctrination started early: Prep school at five, public school at 12 or 13. After that, the product was identifiable for life, part of the old-school-tie network, marked by bearing, mannerisms and, most important, by accent.

Canadian parents now put their children in private boarding schools for different reasons. They like the smaller classes (no more than 15 students), the ordered day, the discipline, the formal academic program (Latin included), the compulsory sports. Many work abroad with the armed forces or in the diplomatic service. The children at King's-Edgehill, Rothesay and Netherwood come from all over Canada (especially anglophone Quebec and, at the Grade 12 level, Newfoundland), from southeast Asia and South America. But most of the enrolment, which includes day students, comes from the schools' own provinces. Enrolment at King's-Edgehill begins at Grade 6, Rothesay and Netherwood at Grade 7.



Parents, teachers like the smaller classes and individual attention

With fees, incidentals, uniforms and compulsory donation, parents pay \$6,000 per child a year. The enrolment bulge is in the high-school years, and the ambience similar to that of a co-educational finishing school.

The day is rigidly structured. At King's-Edgehill, students rise at 7 a.m. Then, it's breakfast, chapel, school from 8:30 a.m. to 12:40 p.m., lunch, rest period for the lower grades, classes for the upper, field sports from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. (rugger, soccer, but no American football). Staff is drawn to the private schools by the atmosphere and the chance to give students individual attention. The working day is long. For a housemaster or housemistress or a teacher on duty, it may not end before 11 p.m. Salaries are augmented by free or low-rental housing on the school grounds but, after the first few years, they lag behind comparable levels in state-run schools.

In the early Seventies, enrolment dropped. The resulting financial bind brought on the King's-Edgehill amalgamation and Rothesay's affiliation with Netherwood. Enrolments now are near capacity but, with inflation, each year is a fiscal touch-and-go. "Every time the auditors come in, my heart stops beating," says T.T. Menzies, headmaster of King's-Edgehill, "Last year we were slightly in the red. The

year before, slightly in the black. All the state aid we get is a post-secondary school grant of \$24,000." Rothesay has an endowment fund of half a million dollars but headmaster F. Winfield Hackett says that's peanuts compared with the funds some U.S. schools have.

At Rothesay Collegiate, Netherwood's American headgirl leads a tour of the Victorian brick Gothic premises. Photographs of Queen and Consort are ubiquitous. In the chapel, where the organist-choirmaster is practising, the walls show lists of the dead of two world wars, alumni, many of them officers. Stained-glass windows bear

more memorials. Rothesay has a strong military emphasis. Boys used to wear the itchy grey worsted uniform of the Royal Canadian Regiment even in class. At King's-Edgehill, cadet afternoons are compulsory for both boys and girls, but the young ladies of Netherwood don't join cadets.

The decor of the New Brunswick girls' school is pure elegance, its numerous *objets d'art* the inheritance of an earlier headmistress's European forays. Here, the girls themselves are the most jarring note. The teen-aged female who can look like anything but a St. Trinian's cartoon in mid-thigh-length tunic, green tights and knee

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**AIR CANADA**

Netherwood's Robinson, student Kim Rogers

## Education



PHOTOS BY CUSANO/INSIGHT

Dinner at Rothesay: Gone the meagre British diet

socks and drawers is rare.

Katharine Robinson, Netherwood's headmistress, receives both visitors and miscreants in her study. It's furnished with antiques, its walls crowded with photographs of principals and classes dating back to the turn of the century. She was a professor of French at St.

Thomas University but, although only in her second year at Netherwood, her opinions mark her as one to the manner born. On discipline: "They have to learn the common good. We have detention and lines for minor infringements like being late for meals. More serious matters require more severe methods."



Sports are compulsory for all

All the private schools have similar graduated systems for dealing with serious infringements of the rules. A first offence means punishment in the school. For a second, the student goes home for a while. (At Rothesay, students can opt for the strap instead of temporary suspension.) A third offence means expulsion.

"We teach manners and deportment quietly and unobtrusively," Robinson

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says. "I try never to embarrass a child or young girl. You can wound a young person very deeply." Netherwood is proud that, last year, all but three of its graduating class went on to university. One got a \$20,000 Grenville Smith scholarship, one of only five that McGill University awards each year. Rothesay boys took the award last year and the year before. As we walk through the hall, a solitary girl, nursing a toothache in front of a TV set, gets to her feet as the headmistress approaches: "It is a common courtesy which we expect."

British public schools promoted an austere lifestyle. Cold baths and a meagre, unpalatable diet were part of character-training for the upper class, designed to turn students into leaders, administrators of an Empire. At King's-Edgehill, however, a shower after murder-ball—the no-holds-barred traditional

them: "Today, no one wants to be a leader. It makes them a marked person. A sign of the times, I suppose."

In a Peter Sellers skit, a parent asks the headmaster at a co-ed school, "How do you separate the sexes?" The headmaster replies, "I get a crowbar and pry them apart." The British schools dealt with both adolescent sexuality and rebelliousness by keeping students half-starved, well-thrashed and running around rugger fields. Here, the atmosphere is more relaxed. The interest of the sexes in each other is unabashed, though generally kept within the bounds of propriety.

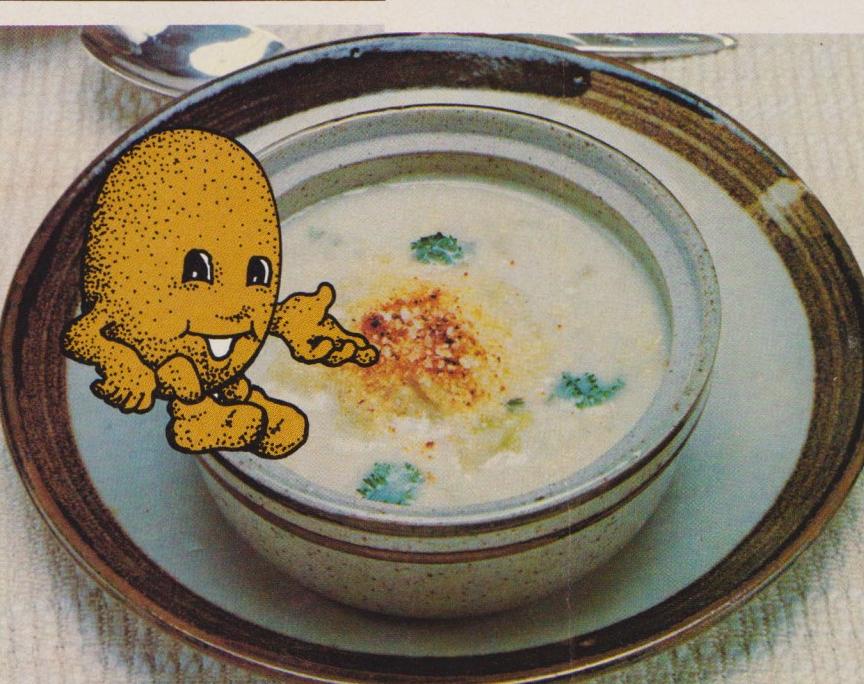
Five to 5:30 p.m. is free time at Netherwood. A girl and boy embrace under a tree. Another couple argue. Five girls sitting on a fire escape discuss school rules. One resents the 5:30 curfew. The others don't mind—except on long spring evenings. If anything, sexual pressures seem less troublesome than elsewhere. "It doesn't matter if you don't have a boy friend," a 17-year-old says. "Most of us don't, and there's no feeling you ought to. Most of us enjoy it here, though we'd die rather than admit it." The lovers part. A girl in jodhpurs sprints past. "Roll-call!" The other groups break up, disappear, leave the grounds deserted.



**Sexes mingle in classes and out**

field game—is as close as students get to icy immersion, and Lloyd Rafuse's cooking bears no resemblance to the pallid institutional meals of legend. A tantalizing aroma of sweet-and-sour pork rises from a pot. Nearby, six 25-pound turkeys defrost in preparation for feeding 150 mouths next day.

Rafuse slips a slice of pie to a boy who's washed the kitchen floor for a detention. "They usually like doing it here," he says, "except for one girl who gave me some lip. I made her peel 10 pounds of onions. She's been well-mannered since." Punishments tend to be practical: Filling in potholes, raking leaves, washing windows. "Done cheerily, by and large," says Menzies of King's-Edgehill. An ex-British-public-school man, he's well liked by the kids, and has only one complaint about



#### Parmentier soup

- 1 L potatoes, thinly sliced
- 2 medium onions, thinly sliced
- 50 mL chopped celery
- 2 mL parsley flakes
- 500 mL boiling water
- 7 mL salt
- 2 mL pepper
- 500 mL milk or half milk and half table cream paprika (optional)
- 100 mL grated Cheddar cheese (optional)

Cut potatoes lengthwise into quarters, then slice thinly. Place potatoes, onions, celery, parsley in boiling water. Add salt and pepper. Cover and cook until vegetables are tender, about 30 minutes. Add milk, cover and simmer 10 to 15 min. longer. Sprinkle each serving with paprika and grated cheese.

**Yield:** 5 to 6 servings

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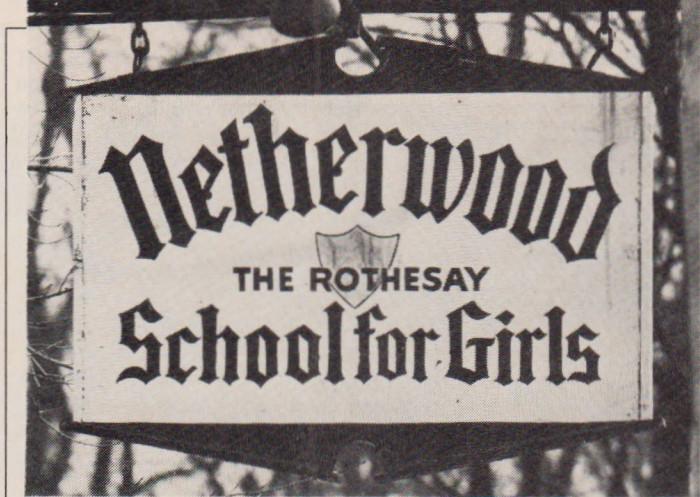
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## Education



PHOTOS BY CUSANU/INSIGHT



Financial pressures may bring more changes...  
...yet much, surprisingly, remains the same

In Britain, a Conservative government proposes massive state subsidies to keep public schools going. Current high fees are beyond the pockets of anyone but oil sheiks. Co-education has crept into ancient institutions like Marlborough and Rugby. At King's-Edgehill, at Rothesay and Netherwood, financial pressures also loom threateningly and more change may be inevitable. Yet what's impressive about these charming antiquities is not how much they've changed but how much they've remained the same.



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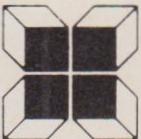
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## Feedback

Cet article sur Edith Butler (*Edith Butler, Singer, December*) fait ressortir les qualités et les caractéristiques actuelles du peuple Acadien au lieu de s'appuyer sur quelques événements historiques déplorables. Edith Butler est elle-même un exemple vivant du devenir du peuple Acadien. J'ai également beaucoup apprécié les autres articles de votre revue, particulièrement la profondeur de vue de la plupart de vos articles.

André Carrieré  
Saint-Jean, N.B.

I am a Newfoundland who went "down the road." I especially enjoyed Ray Guy's column, *What Russians Don't Know About the U.S. and U.K.* (December). His last paragraph expressed how I feel about your magazine. It's one that I am happy to share with my American friends.

Annie Davis  
Dunwoody, Ga., U.S.A.

I have just read an issue of *Atlantic Insight*. It's excellent! I lived in New Brunswick for two and one-half years, and, on my return visits, feel just as at home as I do in my native province of Saskatchewan.

Judith Kidney  
Prince Albert, Sask.

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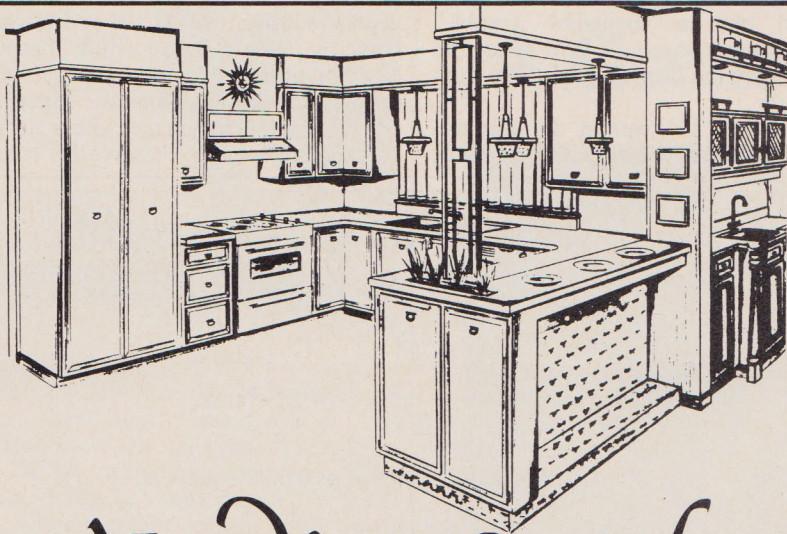


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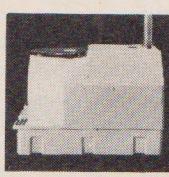
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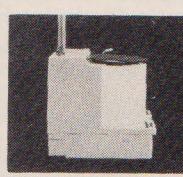
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# Politics

## "A story about the mayor? Well, don't quote me, but..."

No one wants to talk about Edmund Morris of Halifax, not even the talkative Edmund Morris of Halifax

CUSANO/INSIGHT

**E**dmund Morris cuts a tiny figure, but he's a verbal giant. He hones words till they're rapier-sharp, uses them to disarm enemies. He can make tears roll down your cheeks with his stories. He can make the slickest Halifax lawyer feel two feet tall. If Morris had remained a commentator instead of becoming mayor, Halifax journalism would be livelier than it is, but city hall would be duller. When his smiling face, topped with a Santa Claus cap, appeared on the cover of *Halifax* magazine, this formidable orator looked...well, *cute*. At least one frustrated citizen, however, mounted that sweet portrait on a dart board.

Politicians who provoke such reactions are usually controversial, but not Morris. Hardly anyone dares take him on in public. People talk about him, joke about him, rail about him—in private. But if you say you want a statement about Morris for a story, the answer invariably goes like this: "You want to talk about the mayor? Heh, heh. That's a very touchy subject."

As he approaches an almost certain third term—the election is next Oct. 18—Morris is attracting the kind of attention he dislikes. He refused to let *Atlantic Insight* interview him, partly on grounds he did not want to appear as a publicity-monger. He's not keen on personality stories about himself anyway, preferring to make news from the heights of his chair at city council. Morris dominates Halifax, and no doubt hopes to keep on dominating it during what he fondly foresees as its exuberant future. He is brilliant, devoted, probably unbeatable. He suffers neither opposition nor fools gladly. That's why he's a touchy subject.

A former alderman says, "Other people just don't approach the public business with the same care. He's 10 steps above everyone else." Current council members, however, are not so flattering. One says, "If you have anything at stake, you can't afford to take him on. You'd spend all your time fighting him."

The 10 aldermen suffer in silence while Morris talks away a full third of

some meetings. (He's been timed.) They also wonder what's going on behind the scenes, but a municipal bureaucrat is blunt about that: "Sure he works 18 hours a day but that's not a sign of dedication. It's a sign of inefficiency. He's a lousy manager because he can't stop talking. No question he's dedicated to Halifax but, most of all, he's dedicated to Edmund Morris."

Morris began to charm, exhaust and infuriate people a long time ago. After 15 years in journalism, he was elected in '57 as a Tory MP in what was then the dual riding of Halifax. He won twice more but, as Diefenbaker's support crumbled in '63, Morris abstained in the vote that defeated the government. He had his reasons but later, at a tense party meeting in Halifax, Nova Scotia Attorney-General Richard Donahoe branded him a "Benedict Arnold." Morris stormed out and, ever since, has refused to ally himself with any political party.

He spent 11 years in the administration of Saint Mary's University but,



Lips sealed, this time anyway

by doing regular radio and TV commentaries, kept his profile high. "Edmund was a total professional," one producer says. "Fearless and fair. He could do nine minutes straight to the camera, without script or notes, and he'd get his time dead-on." But other producers say his "three-minute commentaries" sometimes ran as long as 12 preachy minutes and, particularly after one station installed equipment to let him broadcast from his home, there was nothing anyone could do to cut him off.

No one doubts his love of Halifax, but some say it inspires him to interfere in city administration. Labor Relations Director John Burke quit because Morris's muscling in on contract talks made a mockery of his job. Aldermen worry that Morris makes deals at the bargaining table to preserve his strong

## O would some power grant us sight To see our mayor as Kipling might

You may talk o' hikes in tax  
In this town o' Halifax  
An' the shockin' state o' traffic flow an' transit;  
But when it comes right down  
To the runnin' o' the town  
There's precious bloomin' few of us would chance it.  
Now down in City Hall  
Where the councillors and all  
Are fightin' fit to raise the ruddy dead,  
Of all them sweat-soaked crew  
The best I ever knew  
Is our periphrastic mayor, Little Ed....

For it's "Ed! Ed! Ed!"  
Since Whitton and LaGuardia are dead  
Leavin' Crombie an' Drapeau  
An' yourself to run the show;  
You're a better mayor than they are, Little Ed!"

From: Jim Bennet's Verse (Petheric Press, Halifax)

union support, but then they vote for the contracts anyway. They do not confront him on the issue. In fact, so few people at city hall challenge Morris on anything that one staffer says, "He's getting a sense of his own infallibility. He needs Caesar's friend to come up to him every day to remind him he's mortal." If the more independent staffers quit, only yes-men will surround Morris.

The reason people worry about such matters is that Morris might well be mayor almost indefinitely. His political skills are uncanny. Tipped off by the fire chief's office, he shows up at fires, serves coffee to the firemen. He responds to the smallest complaint, works the entire city as if he were cam-



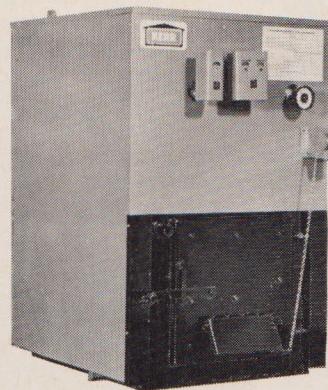
The "supermayor" can be elusive

paigning all the time. In '74, he defeated four others for the mayoralty. In '77, he clobbered Dennis Connolly, two-to-one. A disgruntled alderman says, "The public thinks he's supermayor."

Assuming good health, only money worries could cut short his march into Halifax history. Morris and his wife Lorraine have six children (the youngest is 11), and the mayor's salary of roughly \$30,000 a year (plus a paltry pension) is far less than he'd get as a cabinet minister or in the right political appointment. That's why the old rumors about party politics are starting up again. But at 57, the tiny supermayor of Halifax hasn't a lot of time to change jobs. "I feel very sorry for him," an old friend says. "The financial pressure is terrible."

—Amy Zierler

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## Is this operation really necessary?

*The coronary artery bypass stops pain. We don't quite know what else it does, and scientists say we should*

**A** 45-year-old man, "never sick a day in his life," suddenly complains of severe chest pains. His doctor diagnoses a mild heart attack and prescribes medication and rest. At first, the man improves. Then his condition deteriorates and his doctor refers him to a large medical centre where specialists discover he has coronary artery disease. The patient agrees to a coronary artery bypass operation. After three hours of surgery and two weeks' recovery in hospital, he goes home. Six months later he's back at work full-time, without pain. He is one of over 500,000 people in North America who have had coronary bypass operations. The procedure seems like a major medical advance. But scientists are questioning it, not because the operation is of little value, but because it's been universally accepted with no clear proof of what it does.

Coronary artery disease is the major cause of death of adults over 40 in the Western world. It causes more than 650,000 deaths every year, twice the number from cancer. It's no wonder that the bypass operation, developed in 1967, is now the most common adult elective surgery in North America. In 1977 more than 70,000 operations were carried out in the United States and about 7,000 in Canada. At the Victoria General Hospital in Halifax, the referral centre for most of the Atlantic provinces, the number of cases has doubled since 1975, reaching just over 500 in 1979.

The controversy focuses on whether the operation does anything that can't be done with less complicated and expensive procedures. Does the bypass reduce pain, remove the risk of future heart attacks, prevent irregular heart beat or increase the patient's life expectancy? Evidence has established there is a reduction in pain. But other benefits are harder to prove and some physicians are worried that, although the operation is widely accepted by medical and lay people, there's been no objective assessment to provide guidelines for its use.

Coronary artery disease causes lumps of fatty, fibrous material on blood vessel walls. Using an arteriograph— injection of dye into the arteries which supply blood to the heart, followed by x-rays—a physician can see how bad the blockage is. When blood flow is severely reduced and the heart is deprived of oxygen, the result is pain and possibly death of the heart muscle. The bypass tries to circumvent the blockage and restore the flow of blood and oxygen to the heart.

Usually a piece of vein is removed from the patient's leg

and stitched to a coronary artery on each side of the blockage. In severe cases, a surgeon may attempt several bypasses in one operation. It's a highly technical form of surgery. A single stitch out of place can be crucial.

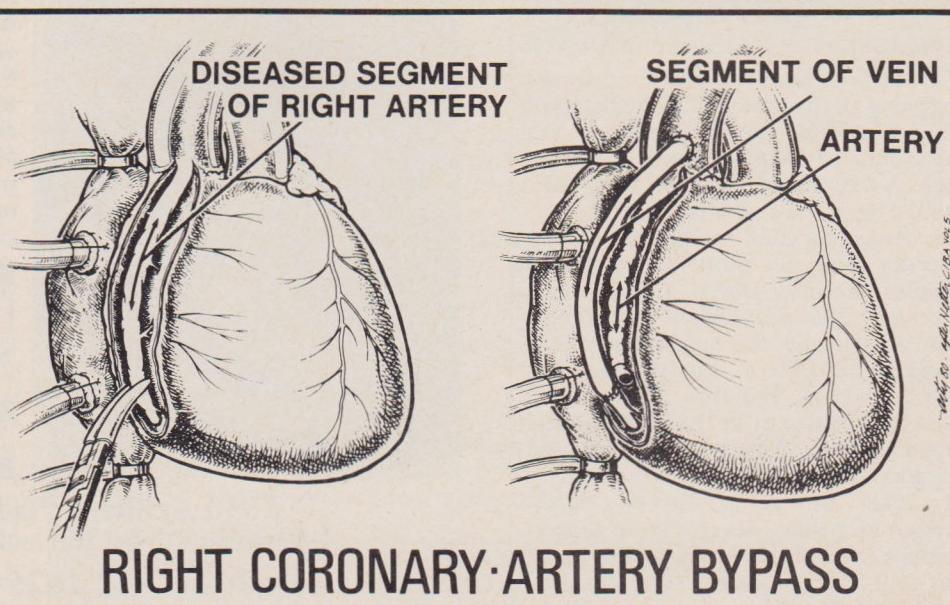
Several studies show that more than 75% of bypass surgery patients are free of pain immediately. The quality of their lives improves greatly. No one really understands why the pain stops. It may relate to improved blood supply, or it may be a placebo effect: Some patients continue to report relief even after bypasses become blocked. A third explanation is that a heart attack may occur during surgery and recovery, killing the pain-producing muscle. Whatever the reason, the improvement doesn't always last. Sometimes the patient's condition deteriorates within two to four years.

**S**uch debate centres on whether or not a bypass operation prolongs the patient's life. Studies comparing patients who have been treated surgically with others who've received older methods of treatment generally show no prolonging of life or reduction of heart attacks for those who underwent surgery. The exception is where the left main coronary artery is involved: That vessel is especially important because it subdivides to produce two smaller arteries.

Some feel the only true test of the effectiveness of any surgical procedure rests on an objective scientific assessment. That kind of study is under way now in the United States. Patients who have symptoms which might lead to an operation are randomly assigned to either medical or surgical treatments. Scientists hope that by 1984, after they've monitored 900 patients, they'll have the first clear information on the real value of the coronary bypass.

There's no doubt that the operation helps many people lead useful, pain-free lives. But many abuses exist. Patients are encouraged to expect more than can be delivered. Physicians point out an analogy in the extravagant ways penicillin was used when it was introduced—including treatment of the common cold. Using penicillin improperly didn't lessen its value as a life-saving drug. But it did raise people's expectations. Scientists hope a realistic appraisal of bypass surgery will restore emphasis on what they think is the ultimate solution to coronary artery disease: Finding out what produces buildup on blood vessels and what causes heart attacks.

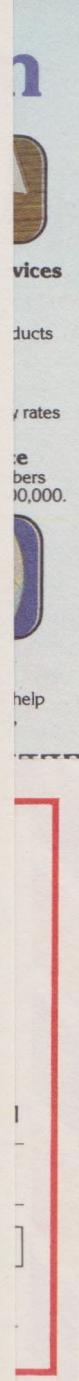
— Robert Fournier



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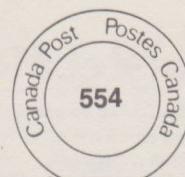
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## Cape Breton lives in a rare magazine

Thanks to Ron Caplan, who learned how to "make" a visit

Ronald Caplan, editor of *Cape Breton's Magazine*, is standing in the doorway of his living room, clasping a mug of tea, arguing about a photograph. He has to stoop because, at 6'6", his own frame is taller than the door's. "No snapshots," he tells *Insight* photographer Owen Fitzgerald. "We'll decide where we're going to take this picture and then we'll take it."

But I want the shot of Caplan overfilling the doorway because it reminds me of his way of overfilling a room. His stature is sometimes matched by an overbearing, albeit good-natured, personality: A tendency to talk loud and long, a reluctance to let others finish their thoughts, a constant, affectionate teasing. How is it possible, I wonder aloud, for such a man to slip into the quiet kitchens of rural Cape Breton, pass a few hours and return with some of the most faithful accounts of life on this island that anyone has ever produced? Does he consciously transform his personality for these encounters?

The question offends him, touching off a debate that now embraces even the photograph Fitzgerald will take. Caplan stalls, fusses. A neighbor has brought over a sports jacket to be worn for the picture. Caplan tries it on, models it, decides to add a sweater. Now he wants to drive to the summit of Cape Smokey for the pictures. Finally, we strike a compromise. Fitzgerald will photograph Caplan outside this low-slung farmhouse at Wreck Cove, on Cape Breton's stark north shore.

There is a temptation to regard all this coyness as posturing, but that would be unfair. Caplan is simply being careful. A man in his position has to be. For seven years, he has been the successful editor and publisher of *Cape Breton's Magazine*. Its survival defies every principle of modern publishing.

Three times a year, he produces 6,000 copies of a 10-by-14-inch, 48-page magazine, printed on newsprint (though with a thick, glossy cover), typeset on a portable typewriter, and devoted "to the history, natural history, and future of Cape Breton Island." Each issue contains six or seven articles, almost all of which consist of Cape Bretoners talking about their lives. Favorite topics include reminiscences of work experiences, how-to accounts of old folk skills, legends and folk tales, eye-witness yarns about Cape Breton history. The articles are almost invariably first-person; Caplan rarely intrudes, even as an interviewer.

"I don't even call them interviews," he says. "They're visits. Visiting is really a Cape Breton form. It's something we still do and it's important to people here. They still look upon each other as entertainment for each other. They don't 'pay' a visit. They 'make' a visit. It's something they work at."

The fact that Caplan is able to make these visits—and turn them into a magazine Cape Bretoners devour—is all the

more amazing because he is not a Cape Bretoner. A native of Pittsburgh, he moved here in 1971, intending to get by as a farmer. It took about a year for reality to convince him he'd have to find another way to support himself. In the fall of '72, inspired by the phenomenal success of the *Foxfire* books about folk culture in the Southern Appalachians, he settled on the idea of a magazine about Cape Breton. He published his first issue that November.

Caplan has become the chief chronicler of a club he cannot join, a club you can only be born into. But how did an outsider, an American at that, succeed at such a venture? "That may have been the biggest bonus I had going for me," he says. "I was so fresh I could be naive. I could ask the simplest things because I knew so little. I didn't have many preconceived notions, and when I did, Cape Bretoners were quick to correct them. They treated me like a stranger in a new land, but they did it in that way that Cape Bretoners do. They make you comfortable and they're proud of that."

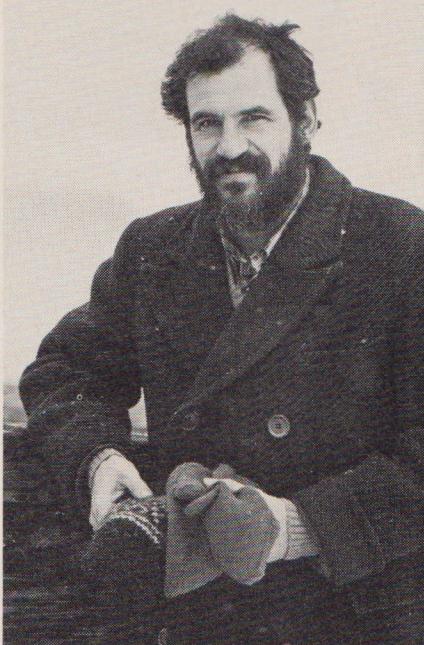
The insecurity an outsider feels may account for the most obvious ingredient in the magazine's success: Caplan's keeping himself in the background. His name never shows up as a byline, and his questions appear only when the sense of an interview would be destroyed without them. Or when someone exposes his preconceptions. (One such occasion was an interview with Mary Lashley, who grew up as an orphan in Margaree, had a child out of wedlock, moved in disgrace to New Waterford, fell in love there with a black man from Barbados, married him, lived with him happily for 48 years. "That's a beautiful story," Caplan rhapsodized. "Yeah?" Lashley snapped. "If you've got to live it though it's not so beautiful. It's beautiful to hear about, but it's not so beautiful to live it. Living it is not beautiful.")

"Editorial opinions are so ephemeral," Caplan says, "I wanted the magazine to be irrefutable. Maybe that's been its success, that people know I'm going to let them present themselves in their own words. I'm not going to be writing about them."

That success is evident in a new collection called, *Down North: The Book of Cape Breton's Magazine*, just published by Doubleday. It's not the best of *Cape Breton's Magazine*, Caplan says. It's just a sample, with articles such as "Red Dan Smith Makes Rope from Wood"; "How We Buried Our Dead"; "Wild Archie Plays the Bones"; "The Berthing of a Supertanker"; "Chandeleur: An Acadian Feast"; "Joe MacNeil Tells a Wonderful Story"; and "Reitach: A Scottish Engagement Rite."

Joe MacNeil is a pre-eminent Cape Breton storyteller but his art had fallen into disuse. Then Caplan found him. "There were no listeners," MacNeil explains. "You need both sides. There has to be a side that produces the sound and there has to be an ear to hear it. Otherwise it doesn't register." Cape Breton is lucky to have had Ron Caplan listening, hearing and registering what he's heard these last seven years.

— Parker Barss Donham



Caplan: Chronicler of club he can't join

# Agriculture

## Can you talk spuds and also grow spuds?

The Island's Harry Fraser, kingpin of the Potato Newsletter has done both for 13 years, but he's beginning to wonder

**H**arry Fraser, founder-publisher-editor of the international *Potato Newsletter*, is trying to give an interview in his house at Hazelbrook, P.E.I., but the phone keeps ringing. A grower from Idaho calls. A dealer from Detroit. A broker from Toronto. A warehouse owner in New Brunswick. They all want to exchange gossip or information, or just have a chat with the man whose mimeographed newsletter is the Bible of the potato business.

A slight, dark native of Woodstock, N.B., Fraser got into potatoes almost by accident but, at 40, he's earned a unique position in agribusiness and a reputation that extends far beyond the potato world. In a staccato monotone on CBC radio's noon-hour farm program he delivers a seemingly endless and oddly

hypnotic flow of statistics.

He sounds as though no question about the potato business could ever stump him. He's not only got weekly car-loadings on the Island at his fingertips but also answers on the future price in Maine, the market in Algeria, the crop prospect in Holland. He's the same on television. Wearing a Boston Red Sox baseball cap and looking slightly past his interviewer, he pours forth a flood of facts and opinions. He is actually somewhat shy. The media fascinate him but, after a show, he always wants reassurances that he has performed satisfactorily. He always has.

When he first came to the Island, he didn't intend to stay, and he'd never planned to be a farmer. He'd taken business administration at the University of

New Brunswick ("I couldn't cope with math and science") and, after that, joined Canada Life Assurance as a management trainee. In the fall of 1960, however, he was at home in New Brunswick and his father Jock, a New Brunswick potato farmer, suggested he go over to the Island to help his grandfather prepare some potato land where the family was expanding. Harry not only did that, he stayed on to put in the crop the following spring. After that, "You couldn't get me to move."

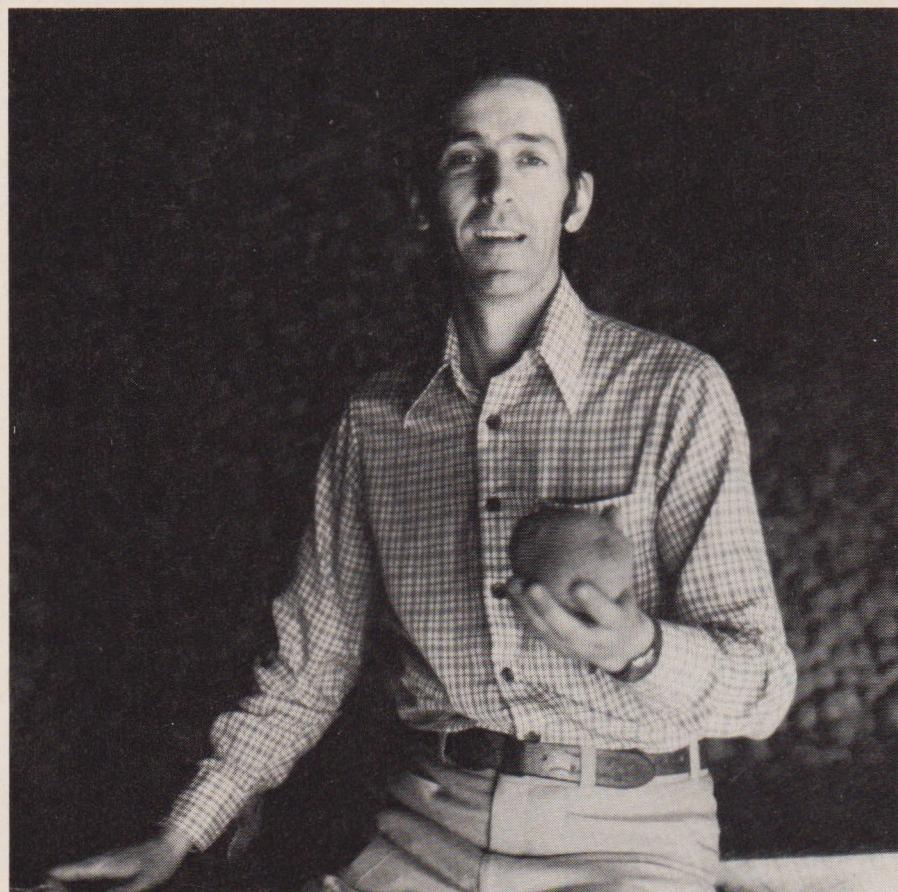
**H**e married an Island schoolteacher in '62 and, for five years, he and Janet lived much like any other young couple trying to start a business and raise a family. Then their horizons suddenly expanded. Harry saw a chance. Most Island farms had fewer than 100 acres, with maybe 10 or 12 acres in potatoes. Farmers kept them in their cellars, graded and sold them when they needed money. But the brokers who governed the market had a wealth of facts. Harry saw an information gap and moved to fill it.

With Jock's backing, he published his first *Potato Newsletter* in March, '67. He had 43 subscribers, mostly Islanders, put out nine more issues that year. Now, he has 2,000 subscribers and the *Potato Newsletter* wings its way to every province, every American state, Holland, Britain, the West Indies. For \$25 a year, subscribers get 45 issues.

But Harry's now thinking he's got to decide whether he's going to grow potatoes or write about them. Three or four girls come in to stuff envelopes for the newsletter on weekends but it has only one full-time employee, Velma Jones. Janet and his three children (teen-agers now) all help out, and Jock feeds the newsletter information and keeps the subscription lists. But Harry says both his farm and the newsletter suffer from his divided attention.

If he only had time to tour Idaho, Wisconsin and Minnesota, he could increase subscriptions by a third. As it is, the newsletter barely breaks even. Its telephone bill alone averages \$400 a month. On the other hand, if Harry didn't spend two days a week on the newsletter and hours in television and radio studios telling non-subscribers about potatoes, he could grow and sell more of them. For a boy who grew up on a potato farm—and spent his spare time absorbing sports statistics—the choice will be hard. But don't bet that you've heard the last of Harry Fraser's telling you everything you always wanted to know about potatoes but were afraid to ask.

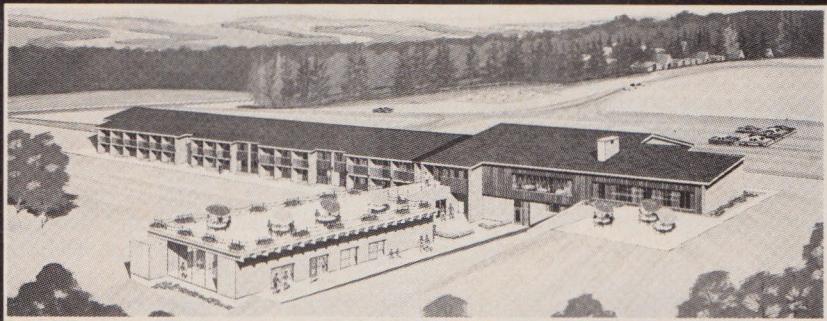
—Kennedy Wells



NICHOLS/INSIGHT

Fraser: When the subject's potatoes, no question stumps him

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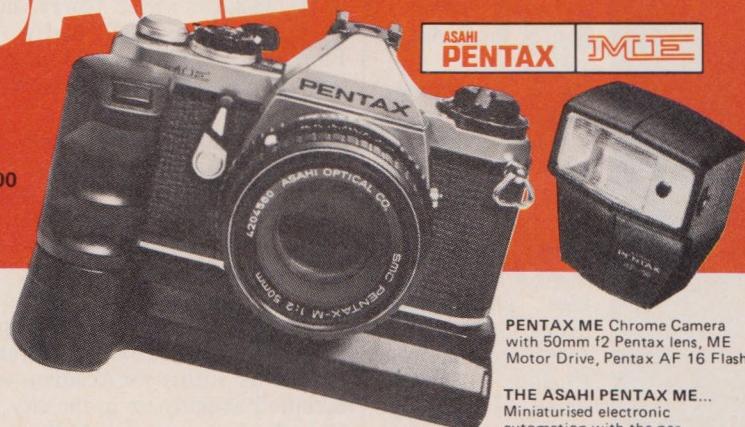
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## Fisherman's son runs the mighty Assumption

*He's Gilbert Finn. If you don't know about him, you don't know about today's Acadia*

With assets of nearly \$100 million and a billion dollars of business in force, Assumption Mutual Life of New Brunswick is a huge, pervasive, and thoroughly Acadian empire; but most New Brunswick anglos, not to mention other Atlantic Canadians, know scarcely anything about it. Yet, it's a vital part not only of the modern business history of the Acadians but also of their social and cultural history. Its boss these days, and for the past 11 years, is Gilbert Finn, 59, the oldest among the 16 children of a Gloucester County fisherman who was always in debt. "My mother and father," Finn recalls, "were good people—*du bon monde*—but the fish company, it paid in chits, and the fishermen weren't

organized to deal with them." In time, Gilbert himself would help change such conditions.

Three interlocking parts make up the backbone of Acadian society in New Brunswick: The Church; a newspaper, *L'Evangéline*; and an insurance company, Assumption Mutual Life. Oddly, it was expatriates who founded the fraternal society that became the insurance company. That was 77 years ago. Having gone to the Boston States for work, they set up the Assumption Society to preserve their language; to forge links with the home they'd left; to maintain their Roman Catholicism. (Our Lady of Assumption is the patron saint of Acadia.) The society formed local branches, offered sickness and mortuary benefits, gave scholarships to Acadian boys. By 1928, it had 168 Canadian and American branches, with 10,000 members, more than \$300,000 in assets, more than \$3 million of insurance in force.

It has helped maintain the Acadian spirit in countless small but memorable ways. In the company history, *Petite Histoire d'une grande idée* (A Simple Story of a Great Idea) the author Euclide Daigle describes such typical Assumption efforts as organizing a parish library in Dalhousie, erecting a grotto to Notre-Dame-des-Lourdes in Acadieville, giving prizes at high-school graduations in St. Joseph, demanding the

appointment of a bilingual bank manager in Shédiac. But the society's rural roots were most apparent in the source of its funds: The nickels and dimes of shopkeepers, farmers and fishermen. Monthly insurance premiums of many were as low as 10 cents.

Gilbert Finn, the fisherman's son, wanted to be a priest at first but, after college in Chicoutimi and two years at the Holy Heart Seminary, Halifax, he lost the calling. He came home to the north shore with the co-op movement to help organize fishermen and, he says, "It was an enriching experience, sitting in a boat with a fisherman, showing him that even if he was poor he could save, that he should buy and sell in volume....

"After three years in the co-op movement, I understood that Acadians needed schools, needed a good system of education. After eight years of college, I had been the only one of the children of 125 families in my parish that had gone that far. There should have been more." He worked hard for a separate Acadian school system "where our people could have a strong cultural base and their own language." Acadians, he believes, should learn English but only as a second language: "You must be bilingual to function in New Brunswick and Canada."

Finn didn't join the Assumption Society till the early Fifties but by 1962 he was already general manager and by 1969 he was president. (It ceased being a society and became a mutual life insurance company in '68.) The company built Place Assumption—it includes an office tower, hotel and Moncton's city hall—partly because Finn felt "Acadians in Moncton didn't have something to show they lived here, to show who we were."

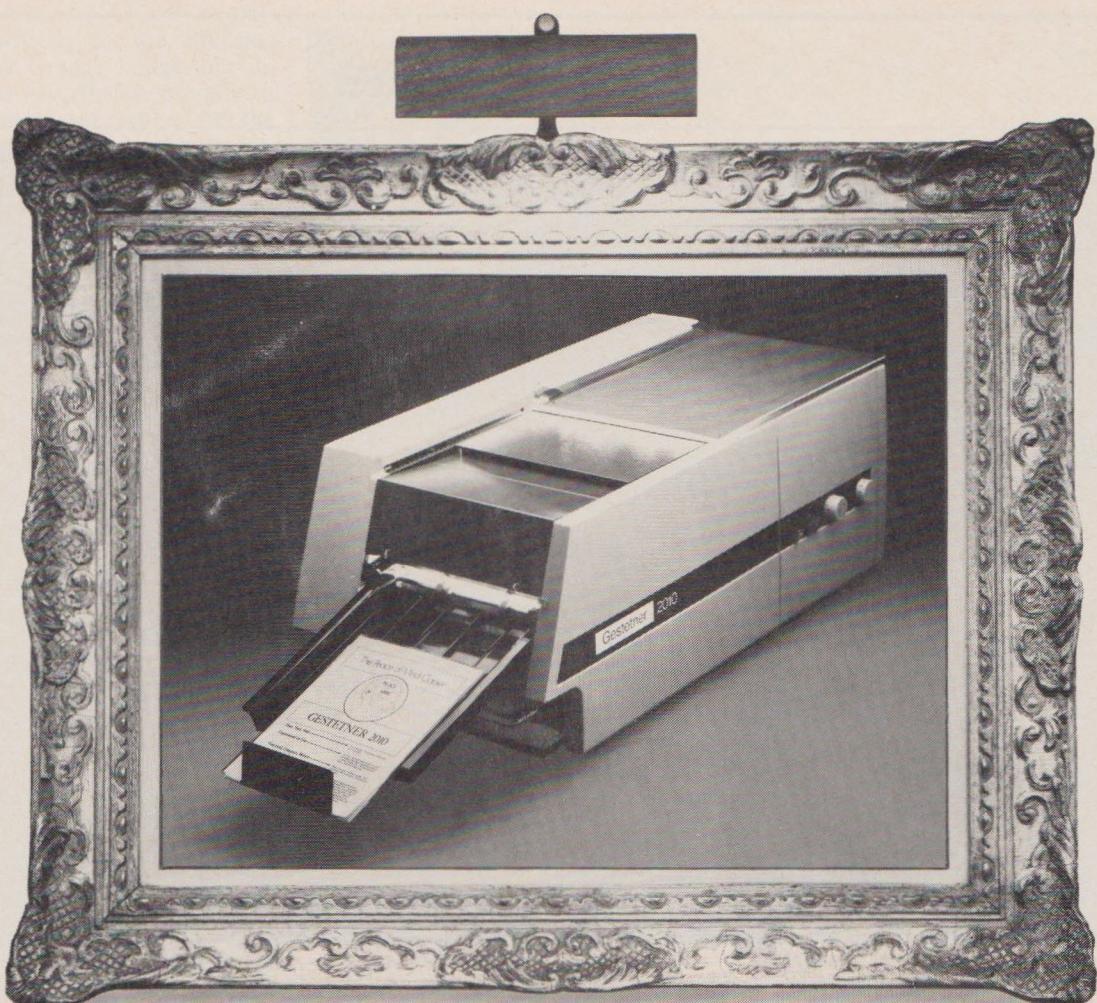
But city council and Leonard Jones, then the mayor, arranged to have an English-only city hall crest hung over the outside doors. This violated terms of the 40-year lease the city had signed with Place Assumption. "We gave them till four o'clock to take it down," Finn recalls. Down it came. Up went a bilingual crest. "That crest was important to us. Either we Acadians would be accepted as partners in the city, or we'd be walked over once again."

Assumption Mutual Life continues to prosper. Recently, it put up Carrefour Assumption, an \$11-million complex in Edmundston. And Finn? Well, according to Claude Bourque, publisher of *L'Evangéline*, "He's not old; as far as ideas go. He hasn't stayed tied to the past, but he's been faithful to Acadian tradition."

— André Veniot



Finn: "Either we'd be accepted...or we'd be walked over"



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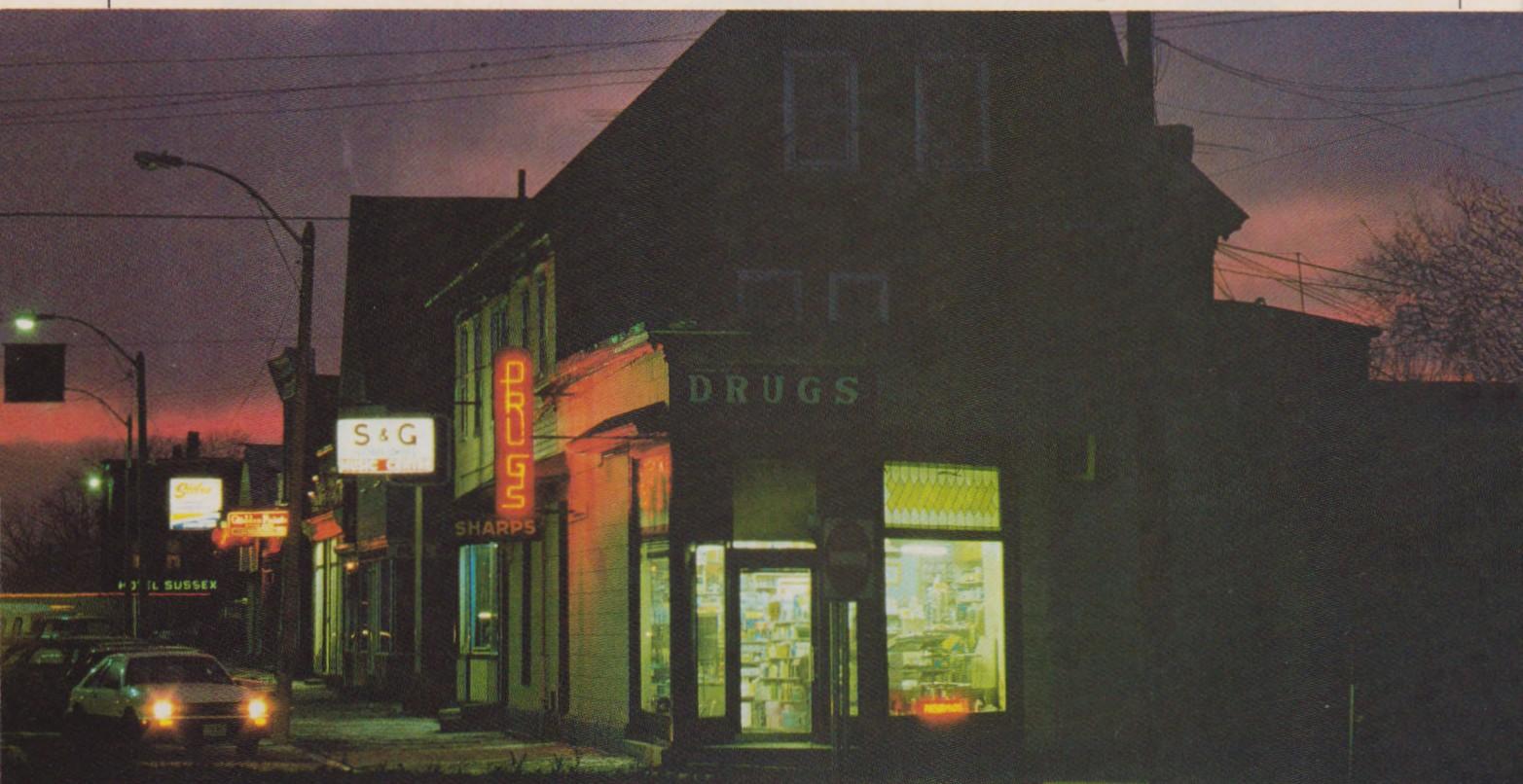
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# Small Towns



Shopping malls haven't killed downtown business

## Sussex, N.B.

*It's neat, comfy, organized, Tory, anglo. Its folks wonder, "Who could ask for anything more?"*

By John Porteous

One sparkling autumn afternoon, some farmers were chatting outside the weekly livestock auction on Park Street, Sussex. The auction draws farmers from all over the Maritimes, and it's as much a social event as it is a market. One fellow, his wallet full after selling some calves, said he'd heard that the VIA train, on its first run from Saint John to Moncton, had come through town 90 minutes late. "Don't make much difference," another said. "Nobody I know's in that big a hurry to get to Moncton anyway." Spoken like a true Sussex loyalist.

Sussex residents seem well pleased to be just where they are. Their tidy little town features everything they need in the way of stores and banks and, when it comes to recreation, maybe even more than they need. "This is the most organized town in Canada," one long-time resident says. "I could suffer a stroke just trying to take in everything there is." Nearby Poley

Mountain attracts hundreds of skiers all winter long; the huge 8th Hussars Sports Centre has a first-class ice surface; O'Connell Park offers tennis and baseball; and, on top of all this, Sussex has clubs for art devotees, curlers, stamp collectors, weavers, potters, would-be public speakers, you name it. If you worried about keeping up with town activities, you could easily take in three meetings a night and still feel left out.

Staunchly Anglo-Saxon, Sussex is also both a churchgoing town and a fraternal centre. Sometimes, it seems half the men in Sussex belong to the Masonic Lodge or Knights of Pythias. The Foresters and other lodges once had

strong bases here, too, and the Order of the Eastern Star runs a home for the elderly in a mansion on Church Ave. There are myriad church groups, and more than usual in the way of Kiwanis, Lions, Rotary, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, etc.

Thirty-six percent of New Brunswickers are French-speaking but you'd never know that by wandering through Sussex. Here, the sound of French on Main Street would cause heads to turn. On town stop-signs, phantom anglos regularly paint out the word "Arrêt." Many Sussex diehards object even to the use of "Cul-de-sac" on town streets; they prefer "Dead End." Some attri-



Some say Orange Lodge's strength keeps Sussex staunchly English

PHOTOS BY STEPHEN HOMER

bute such positions to the enduring strength of the Orange Lodge, but insist the town is nevertheless friendly to a fault. One Main Street regular cites the welcome Sussex extended to Vietnamese boat people, and says, "We'd be the same to a French Canadian if he came here. In fact, folks would even help him learn English."

But Sussex Corner (population: 1,200) doesn't care how friendly Sussex (population: 4,000) claims to be. Sussex Corner is distinguishable from Sussex mostly by its Village Limit sign, and its deathless spirit of independence. Sussex Corner, once known as Sussex Vale, is proud to be considerably older than Sussex, and attempts to join it to its bigger neighbor have failed miserably. Sussex Corner residents dismiss the idea as nonsense. "Anyway," one says, "we don't like their politics in Sussex."

Sussex folk, however, thrive on their politics. Not long ago, the town made daily news across the province during a bitter police-department dispute that split the council and saw

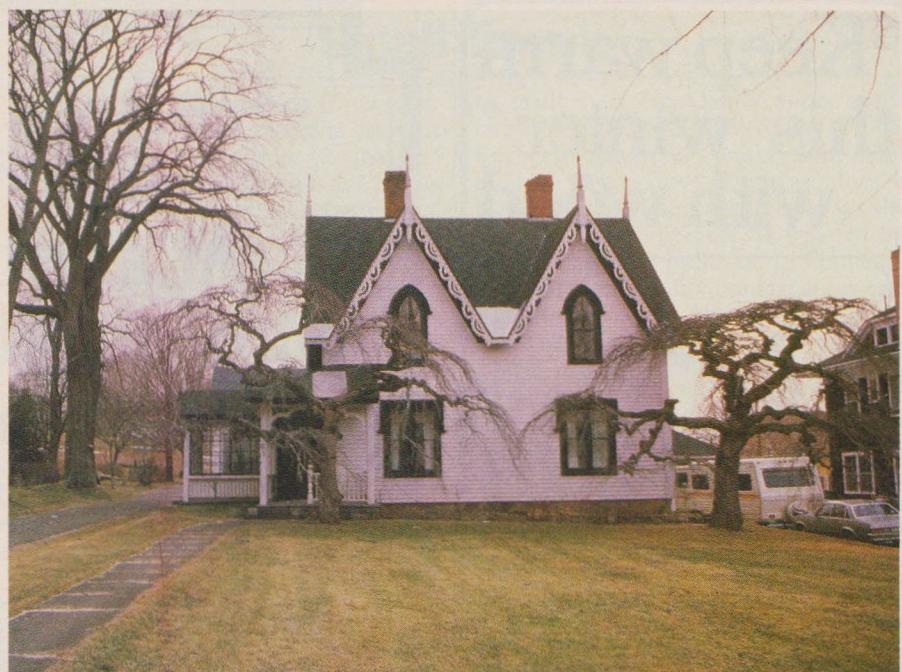


**Butter maker Milton Wood**

Mayor Delmer Burton eventually quit for personal and health reasons. Townsfolk filled the council chambers on Maple Avenue to hear the sometimes furious debates, and CJCW Radio, Kings County Cable and the 93-year-old *Kings County Record* faithfully reported the troubles.

United Empire Loyalists from New England settled here in the late 1700s, and that helps explain why Sussex is both anglo and Tory. Provincially and federally, the area has long been a Progressive Conservative stronghold. It's part of the federal riding of Fundy Royal and, for a quarter-century, helped return Gordon Fairweather to Ottawa. When he became human rights commissioner for Canada in 1977, local voters went right ahead and elected the Tories' new man, Robert Corbett.

Sussex has prospered not only as a market town for farmers but also as a centre for light industry. Companies such as Wallace Manufacturing Ltd. once employed the townsfolk, and so did various bakers and dairies, and the



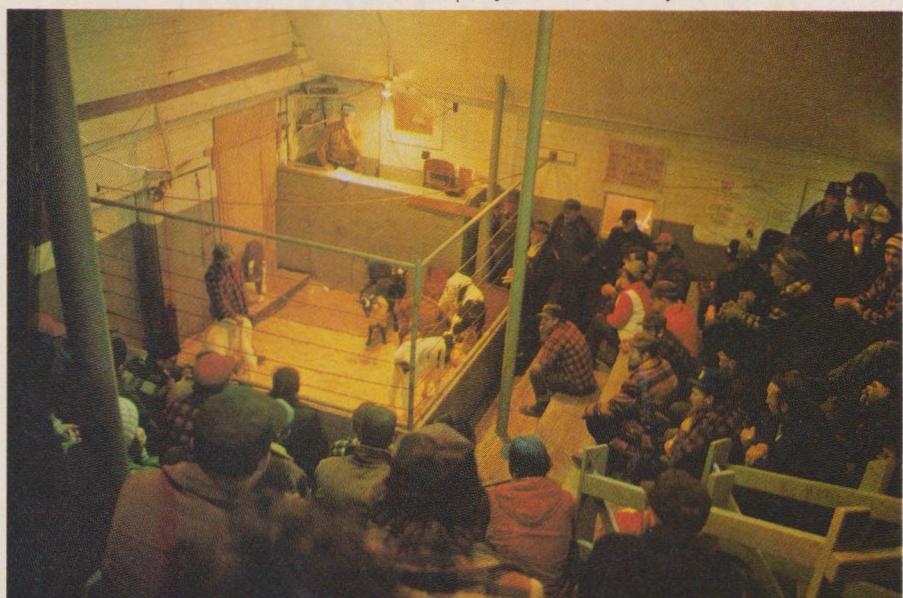
**Its quiet charm attracts oldsters—youngsters too**

famous Sussex ginger-ale outfit. Its beverage, once put up in stone bottles, made Sussex famous, but a national outfit took over the business. You can buy Sussex Golden Ginger Ale all over the Maritimes but, since it ceased to contain the mineral water you can still draw from the one remaining spring on Church Ave., it hasn't been the same.

If Sussex is a soft-drink town, it's also an ice cream, butter and cheese town. Sussex Cheese and Butter Ltd. quit making cheese back in the Twenties but, in 1974, G.E. Barbour Co. Ltd. absorbed it, and the bigger company's manufacturing division, Barbour Foods, started to make cheese again. Then, in '79, Baxter Dairies bought Sussex Cheese and Butter. It makes ice cream and butter. The Barbour interests had moved to Sussex from Saint John back

in '66. They wanted a central location for distribution and a stable workforce and, in Sussex, found both. Barbour Foods blends King Cole Tea at a plant on Stewart Ave., and also owns McCready's, a pickle operation that dates back to the days of wooden ships.

Sussex people believe the Bank of Montreal opened its first branch in Sussex because Ralph B. Brenan, owner of Barbour Foods, told it to do so. He was a director of the bank and, the story goes, he figured that if his company could move to Sussex the bank might as well come along, too, to handle the company account. Ralph Brenan, Jr. runs Barbour Foods now. When speaking of its location, he sounds a bit like the farmer who knew nobody who was in a hurry to reach Moncton. Sussex is just fine, thank you.



**Weekly livestock auction: It's a market—and a social event**

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## Small Towns



Doug Chisholm runs "The Depot"

Another Sussex business legend says that, generations ago, local merchants who feared competition managed to thwart plans by the T. Eaton Co. Ltd. to establish its massive catalogue operation in the town. If Sussex did indeed bar Eaton's, the decision doesn't seem to have hurt the place. Small and medium plants dot the industrial park by the new health centre, and the town council's attitude remains "medium is beautiful." Sussex folk have a canny understanding that a huge industry could strain services and, in the end, cost them more than it would be worth.

The face of Sussex scarcely reveals that it once boasted a sizable military establishment but, from the 1890s until the Fifties, it was a militia training centre. The old 8th Cavalry was here first, and later Sussex was headquarters for the 8th Canadian Hussars (Princess Louise's). The town seethed with army activity during both world wars and, even after 1945, Camp Sussex was a base for the training of tank crews. Later, the army gradually left for Gagetown, N.B., but Sussex went on just as though nothing had happened to its economy. It remains one of the wealthi-

est little communities in New Brunswick.

Like other small towns in Atlantic Canada, Sussex now has its share of shopping malls, but they've not driven out the old downtown business district. There, Sussex shoppers still converge on such emporia as Baird's General Store, Horton's Supermarket (which stocks work clothing, rubber boots, children's wear), or the venerable Sussex Mercantile.

When the Trans-Canada Highway bypassed Sussex in the Sixties, businessmen feared tourists would slip by forever in the fast lane. But a sign at the western end of town invites you to "Drive through Sussex...Pick up highway at other end of town." and this may be one reason why the place still gets a surprising amount of tourist business. Each summer week town police, in happy collusion with town businessmen, "arrest" a driver with out-of-town plates. After checking the stranger's licence and shrugging off his protests that he was doing nothing wrong, the policeman tells the driver he's "Tourist of the Week" and therefore entitled to a free lobster dinner and a free night's lodging.

Police Chief Vern Lake says, "My boys get a great kick out of it." The "victims" of the dragnet often write grateful letters to *The Kings County Record* and Barron Clarke, who dreamed up the scheme, says, "We figure they each tell at least 20 people what happened to them in Sussex, and that's good." Such benign boosterism has also made "Sussex Country Living Days" in August perhaps the most successful home-coming celebration in New Brunswick.

Sussex has long had the kind of quiet charm that attracts those who've retired but, in recent years, younger people (some Americans) have chosen

to settle here too. Jabberwock, a gift boutique of a type often found in New England, sells their crafts; and, next door, a wood-stove company does a brisk business. Elaine Mandrano says she came to Sussex because "I was fed up with people and pollution in Connecticut." She and Paul Cunningham create beautiful stained glass on a farm in nearby hills where dirt roads diminish to a pair of tracks in the woods, and then to nothing.

The VIA station, which Sussex calls



PHOTOS BY STEPHEN HOMER

Editor Smith: Still a "foreigner"

"The Depot," is opposite Jabberwock and, for the first time, trans-continental passenger trains bound for Saint John and Montreal to the west, and Moncton and Halifax to the east are stopping here. They give Sussex what may well be the best options for surface transportation in all New Brunswick. Having weathered war and depression with such ease, New Brunswick's dairy town is on the brink of still more good fortune. Just outside town, two big companies are building mines that'll produce millions of tons of potash and, already, they're causing a steady increase in spending.

Will potash and milk mix? Donald R. Smith, managing editor of *The Kings County Record*, thinks so. "It won't make a bit of difference to the face of the town," he says, "although the money will be good." Smith came to Sussex from Saint John 27 years ago and people still see him as a bit of a foreigner. Nevertheless, he thinks Sussex will make the new potash people feel at home. "Of course," he adds, "they'll never be considered as locals." That is an honor not even the people out in Sussex Corner can enjoy. It's strictly for born-and-bred Sussex folk.



Doll-maker Janis Stewart is part of a Sussex crafts boom



"I was born in the heart of the city,  
but my heart was miles away."

FRANK CLARKE  
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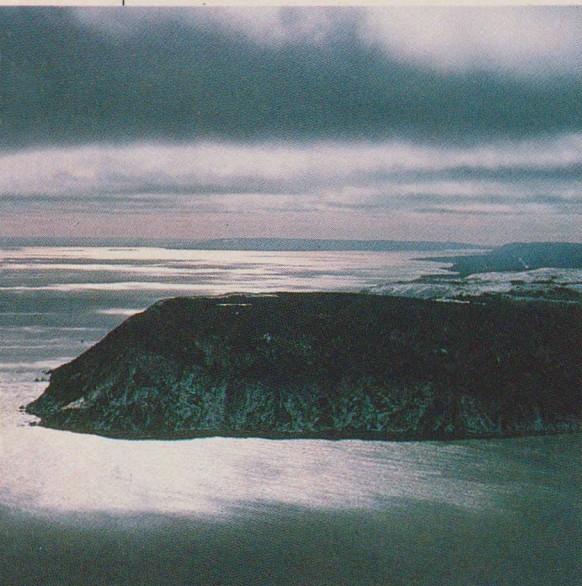
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## Photoessay

# Can spring be far behind?

*Fredericton photographer Stephen Homer captures the cold, grey, stony beauty of a Cape Breton the tourists never see—or have to survive*



*Cape Smokey sleeps away the winter (above) and a vicious sea threatens Neil's Harbour (above right). With infinite subtlety, snow embellishes the forest (right) and, while mergansers bring an explosion of life to an unfriendly sky at North Sydney, rocks at Cape Breton Highlands National Park (far right) are as cold as death. How long, oh Lord, how long?*





# Meet Percy, the painter. He heads for the hills

*And as a primitive artist, he's the pride of Stephenville, Nfld.*

Newfoundland critic Peter Bell once called Stephenville's Percy Pieroway, 63, "possibly the most interesting of our primitive artists" and, as a man, Percy is at least as interesting as he is as an artist. He's always been a planner. Sitting in the tiny bungalow he shares with his wife Olga and their 18-year-old daughter Cathy, or maybe at a public meeting, he looks half asleep. But he's not. His mind is putting the finishing touches on the baseball diamond he spent five years fighting for, charting a new community ski trail, or plotting an active retirement for himself.

"I'd read so much about people who retire and go to pieces," he says. "I had no intention of doing that." That's why it was that in 1972, a full decade before his retirement, he started to take informal art lessons from Memorial University's extension service. If sickness, accident or frailty were ever to prevent him from hunting and fishing, he'd have an indoor hobby. All he knew about art, however, was what he'd seen in the art sections of *Time* and *Life*. He'd always saved them.

"It's unreal," one judge said when he looked at Percy's earliest work at an exhibition of amateur art in '73.

Another judge allowed that Percy's art might work in a kids' book. Their opinions didn't bother him. By then, he knew what mattered: He liked painting. He kept up his classes. Usually, his instructors were simply more advanced amateurs. Percy's glad they weren't professionals because "they never gave me any direction or told me to change my style. I could develop on my own." Eventually, the group with whom he painted disappeared but Percy keeps on going by himself, working in his own self-developed style.

Memorial University's art gallery liked it so much they exhibited his landscapes in '76 and '77. Critic Bell loved Percy's cotton-wool clouds, and said the foreground of one painting was "delicately stippled in light, frail tones, incredibly balancing the heavier tones of the distant iridescent hills." Bell thought Percy's work fairly glowed "with a freshness not to be seen in any other works on exhibition."

One of nine children, Percy grew up at St. George's on the west coast. He fished, farmed, trapped and, in the winter, cut ties and beams for railways and wharfs. The local school went only to Grade 8, but he took a commercial

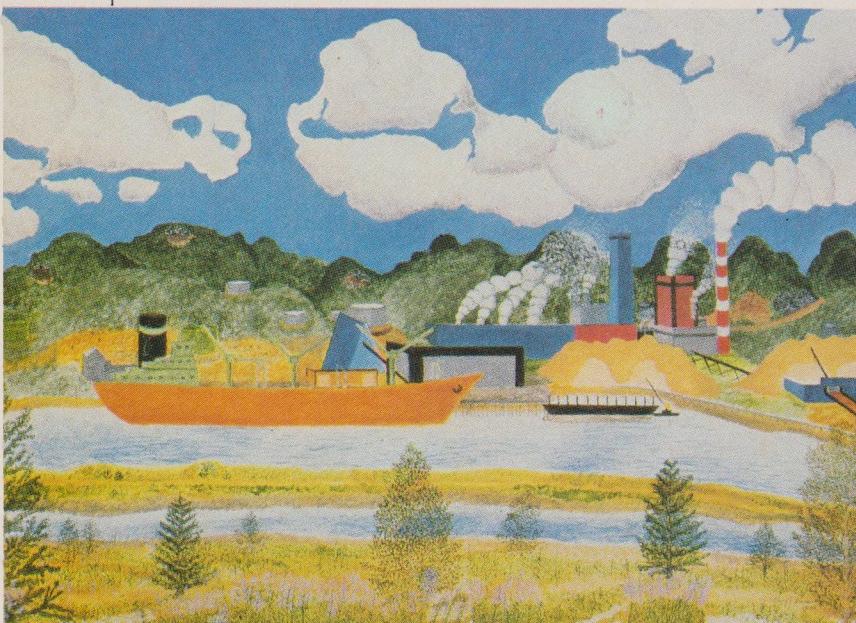
NICHOLS/INSIGHT



Pieroway: He's always been a planner

course at a convent, served overseas during the Second World War, finished high school, went to work for the contractors who were building a U.S. base at Stephenville and, now that he had a permanent job, married his home-town sweetheart.

When the base was complete, Percy got a job with the Americans in their accounting office. It lasted 17 years and, after the base closed in '66, he caught on with the outfit that took over management of its buildings. That's the Harmon Corporation, and he's



One art judge said, "It's unreal..."



...but Percy kept on. He liked to paint

still with it. For a while, his job and getting out in the woods on summer weekends left him little time for painting. Gradually, however, the art bug bit more deeply and, by 1977, he was working on his first landscape series, based on boyhood memories of St. George's. In one painting, a Zeppelin floats over the harbor. One sunshiny day in 1928 or '29, he remembers, "this terrific thing" came out of the western clouds. "I thought it was a reasonable thing to paint," Percy says. "It happened just before a tidal wave destroyed much of St. George's.

"Many artists paint their foreground and just fill it in. They forget about the sky. But for me, the sky is so important. I grew up next to the ocean, and every day I looked across St. George's Bay at fluffy, massive clouds." Trees and water matter, too. "They help me show distance." In his current series, Percy is "documenting" the entire Humber River, right from its tableland source down to its Bay of Islands outlet. For him, the river is pretty close to being heaven on earth. Not only beautiful to paint, it's also superb for hiking, hunting and fishing. When he's finished, maybe in 1982, he'll have 25 paintings; together, they'll be 100 feet long.

**S**ince his big painting surfaces are hard to handle in windy weather, he uses a camera. He tramps the river's edge for hours at a time, taking the photographs that, come winter, he'll study while he paints in his spare bedroom. He'd like to have a studio because "when Olga's mother visits, I have to pack up everything." He built his own easel, and designed it to hold works up to three feet by five. "I can't paint with a little easel moving and jumping about," he says. "I need something substantial that can adjust to different heights and widths." He put rollers on the stool he built so he could "move in and out of the picture without using up energy." Percy keeps his oil paints in an old suitcase, groups his brushes by color. An elastic band keeps all the green-dipped brushes together, another band holds the blue brushes, and so on.

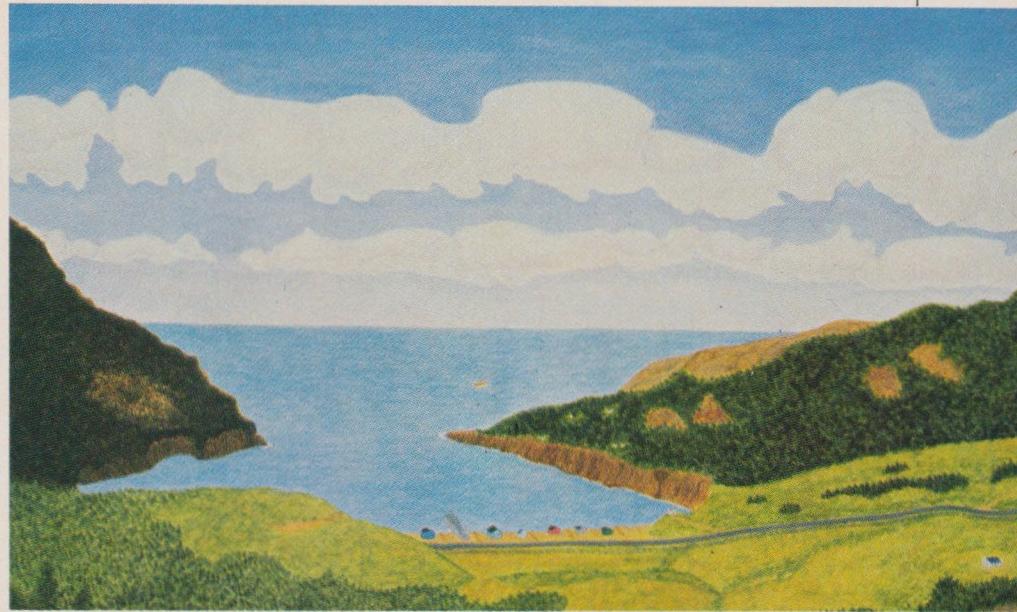
"If I used natural light and it was a nice day," he says, "I'd want to go outside." So he paints by the light of a 300-watt bulb. Back when he still wasn't sure if he'd take to painting, he painted on masonite because it was cheap. Now, he uses it because he likes it. He cuts it to size, sands down the rough side, paints it several times to give it a hard, smooth surface. He frames his own work, hangs it in his house or lends it to the local community college.

Percy likes to have his paintings around him because "something of myself went into each of these." That's one reason he refuses to sell them,

but there's another. "What if they fade?" he asks. "I couldn't think of selling a painting unless I could prove it would have a long life." But even if that weren't worrisome, he'd continue to disappoint would-be buyers. He has no interest in selling. Art is just a hobby. By January, he hadn't even begun his winter's painting. The weather had been too fine, and he'd had impor-

tant things to do: Cut ski trails, plan a trailer park for Indian Head, figure out how to bring jobs to Stephenville. Plan, plan, plan. By late February, however, Percy had settled into a cold winter's night of painting. His stool moved in and out as he picked up a green brush, then a blue one, and then fashioned yet another of his famous cotton-wool clouds.

— Susan Sherk



The sky is something to fill in "with fluffy, massive clouds"



The Humber River: For Percy, it's close to heaven on earth

## Lamb cutlets, please, and music, Maestro, music!

*For an encore, maybe a small, exquisite green salad?*  
David Gray, St. John's, kindly obliges

**D**avid Gray wields his paring knife as though it were a baton, and his vegetables respond as though they were an orchestra. The carrots curl on cue, the onions make you weep, the sauces become harmonious. His best meals are like symphonies. The first two courses have a leisurely pace, the third is a zippy allegro salad, the fourth is a slow adagio movement. Gray, a 39-year-old Englishman who lives in old St. John's, is not only a passionate gourmet cook, he's also conductor of the Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra.

His skill as a cook is so notorious that Yoka, his wife, no longer dabbles in the kitchen. The very thought of David, the supercook, coming to dinner so unnerved one of their friends that she fled from her own stove, leaving her daughter to prepare the meal. Necessity first sparked David's interest in cooking. While a music student in Philadelphia, he was poor. So were his classmates. They divided up their household chores; and David's job was to cook, to stretch both food and money to come up with tasty dishes. He says, "It was a challenge and a project."

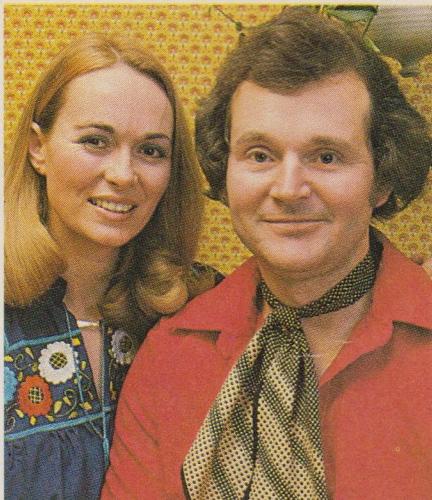
Shortly after getting a job with the London Symphony Orchestra, he went on tour and, for much of the next eight years, was on the road. He performed, practised, found some of the world's best eateries. Back in London, he tried out their recipes for himself. "Musicians," he says cheerfully, "are noted for their great love of food." All things considered, he's remarkably slim.

David arrived in St. John's three seasons ago, decided to work Newfoundland ingredients into European recipes. He wanted to write a cookbook which Yoka, an artist, would illustrate. To test his recipes and force himself to record them, he ran cooking classes in their apartment. It's in a Gothic-revival-style house, built in downtown St. John's in 1883. The book is just about finished now. It includes Newfoundland dishes with Italian, French, Portuguese and Spanish influences.

David serves well-balanced meals that are not excessively elaborate. In the

traditional French style, he begins with a soup, then offers a fish dish, a salad and, finally, meat and vegetables. He sometimes rounds things off with a green salad, but he's not wild about desserts. When guests arrive, they may hear Sibelius in the background. David and Yoka seat them in the kitchen. He goes on chopping and stirring.

His favorite utensil is a \$3.50 paring knife, but he also relies on a garlic press, a cheese grater, his food processor, a spatula, two woks, and a well-seasoned wooden spoon. Wood is so porous he prefers a plexiglass chopping board. Before coming to Newfoundland, Yoka and David lived in Toronto, which is where they collected the exquisite pottery on which they serve dinner. In cooking—as in conducting music—you have to know how to blend ingredients to create something balanced and memorable. David Gray has the touch.



*She looks good. He cooks good*

### Soupe de Poisson

- 1 lb. fish heads
- 1 onion, sliced
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 pinch thyme
- 6 cups water
- 1 crushed garlic clove
- ½ tsp. ground fennel or anise
- 1 pinch saffron
- 1 large can tomatoes, mashed

Make a stock from first 6 ingredients. Strain, remove all flesh from fish heads, add to liquid, purée in processor and put into a clean saucepan. Add remaining ingredients and simmer until well blended. Add handful of spaghetti broken into pieces and cook until spaghetti is tender. Serve with grated cheese. Serves 4.

### Cod Meunière

- 1 ¼ lbs. cod fillets
- ¼ cup sweet butter
- Salt to taste

Dredge fillets in whole wheat flour and fry lightly in half the butter. Remove fish to warm serving platter. Heat the rest of butter in pan until sizzling, but not brown, and pour over fish. Garnish with lemon and parsley. This recipe can be used with sole, flounder or turbot. Serves 4.

### Beets Vinaigrette

- 1 lb. beets
- 8-10 tbsp. olive oil
- 2 tbsp. wine vinegar
- 1 tbsp. prepared mustard
- 1 crushed garlic clove
- salt and pepper to taste

Bake beets in their skins until tender, 1 to 1 ½ hours. Peel in cold water and cut into matchstick strips. Make a dressing from the remaining ingredients and pour over beets. Refrigerate for at least 1 hour. Sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serves 4.

### Lamb Cutlets in Sherry Sauce with Fried Potato Cubes

- 6 shoulder lamb chops
- ¼ cup fine breadcrumbs
- 2 tbsp. margarine
- ½ cup sherry
- 1 tsp. chervil or savory
- 1 tbsp. chopped parsley
- 6 unpeeled medium potatoes
- 1-2 crushed garlic cloves
- ¼ cup olive oil

Cut meat away from bones in as large pieces as possible, trimming off the fat. Flatten lightly with a mallet and brush with a little oil. Dip in breadcrumbs and fry in margarine lightly on each side, remove from pan and keep warm. Reheat pan and pour in sherry and herbs. Cook 1 or 2 minutes, until sherry is slightly reduced and pour over cutlets. Cut potatoes into ½-inch cubes and put into a bowl of cold water for a few minutes. Drain and set aside while you heat oil in large frying pan. Add potatoes and garlic to pan, turning them constantly while cooking, until they are golden brown. Serve cutlets and potatoes with steamed broccoli or brussels sprouts. Serves 4.



# Heritage

## Those "other" Acadians. They're in Louisiana

*Their accent's strange and their food's spicy but, under the southern-fried crust, the taste is familiar. The Cajuns call their home "Acadiana" and it's just like "a fourth, steaming-hot Maritime province"*

By Jon Everett

You go out from St. Martinville, which is 100 miles east of Texas. On the main street of St. Martinville, the words *Pharmacie Dubois* advertise both a business and the incredible survival of a people. Evangeline's statue stands behind a church forlornly facing a vast oak tree some blocks away by the little River Teche where, too late, she met Gabriel, her love. You take the road atop the Bayou Teche levee. It's an endless dyke that keeps water off the reclaimed land. Pint-sized sea-gulls sit among the cattle and eat the insects off their hides. Just past Catahoula but not so far as Henderson and its famed crawfish restaurant, you'll find the home of Leona (Tootie) Guirard. She has a story to tell:

"My family name is Martin. If I have the story correct, the first white male child in Acadia was Mathieu Martin. That was at Port Royal. Mathieu had two sons, Claude and Pierre, and when the deportation came, Claude was with a group of Acadians that were being put on a boat. Pierre, who had been with him, had his wife on one hand and his daughter on the other. The two brothers were about to be separated. Pierre was afraid he'd be put on another boat, so he started to run with his wife and child toward a wooded area nearby. Claude was being pushed on the boat by the soldiers, and the last he saw of Pierre was that the soldiers were shooting at him, his wife and child. Now I am a descendant of Claude. Claude came to Louisiana. It was about 10 years after the deportation that he finally came."

The deportation of the Acadians from the Annapolis Valley wasn't until 1755, 150 years after the Acadians began to arrive in the New World, so Pierre and Claude were probably descendants, not sons, of Mathieu. But the rest of the story that passed through generations of Leona Guirard's family was dramatically confirmed just three years ago:

"When I was working [at the museum] in St. Martinville, just before

I stopped working there, my mother, who was 94, was very ill. So I was closing 15 minutes early. I was just getting in my car when a man with a woman and two children drove up. He said he had come to Louisiana to do some research. 'I came here,' he said, 'because I was told I should try St. Martinville, not New Orleans, because the church of the Acadians is here. I saw a sign down the road that this is an Acadian museum so maybe you could tell me where I might begin my research. I'm looking for the descendants of Claude Martin.'

"I don't care who else in the world he would have gone to—and he was a descendant of Pierre! He said in Pierre's papers that Pierre said the last he saw was his brother being put on a ship. And Claude was always wondering the same thing about Pierre. Pierre and his wife stuck to the woods for a long time—the Indians helped them—and they finally reached Quebec City. The seigneur gave them strips of land. The log cabin Pierre built is now a museum."

Guirard, mother of two sons herself (one of them the legislative assistant to Senator Russell Long in Washington and the other a wood carver who lives next door) is one of roughly a half-million Acadians who populate the French Triangle of Louisiana. It's an area about the size of mainland Nova Scotia. It stretches from fabled, moss-draped, alligator-infested swamps at the mouth of the Mississippi below New Orleans all the way up into the Atchafalaya River basin, over to lush prairie sugar-cane and rice farmland centring on Lafayette, and out to Texas. Guirard was anxious to learn more from Rosaire St. Pierre, her long-lost distant kin but, as fate would have it, even this tiny bit of their story would not yield itself easily to the Acadians. (Canada's first European settlers and one of the United States's last unassimilated minorities, the Acadians know that nothing on this continent has ever come easily to them.) Her mother died that night and she misplaced the man's address. Still, Guirard is among the few whose families managed to preserve their collective memories by word of



T.J. Arceneaux and Acadiana flag: "Our French...is still good French"

mouth.

Annie LeBleu (born Thibodeaux) of Rayne, a cowtown 30 miles farther west where hitching posts still ring the wide main street, is more typical. A mother of 10, eight at home, she says, "There are quite a few Thibodeaux here. I don't know if they're all related. They don't know. We never did discuss it. Always wondered where we came from."

The territory is called Acadiana and for people of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, going there is like visiting a fourth, steaming-hot Maritime province. The accents are different and the food is spicy but underneath the southern-fried exterior,



Tootie Guirard: Nothing's come easily

the taste of the place is the same. The Acadians are called Cajuns now just as Indians on the frontier got to be called Injuns but, everywhere, you find familiar names, sometimes spelled differently: Landry's Young Fashions, Cormier's Cleaners, Robichaux's Furniture, Melancon Funeral Home, Dugas Tire Co., Comeaux and Assoc., LeBlanc's Gulf Service, Pitre for Sheriff, even a David Hardware Ltd.

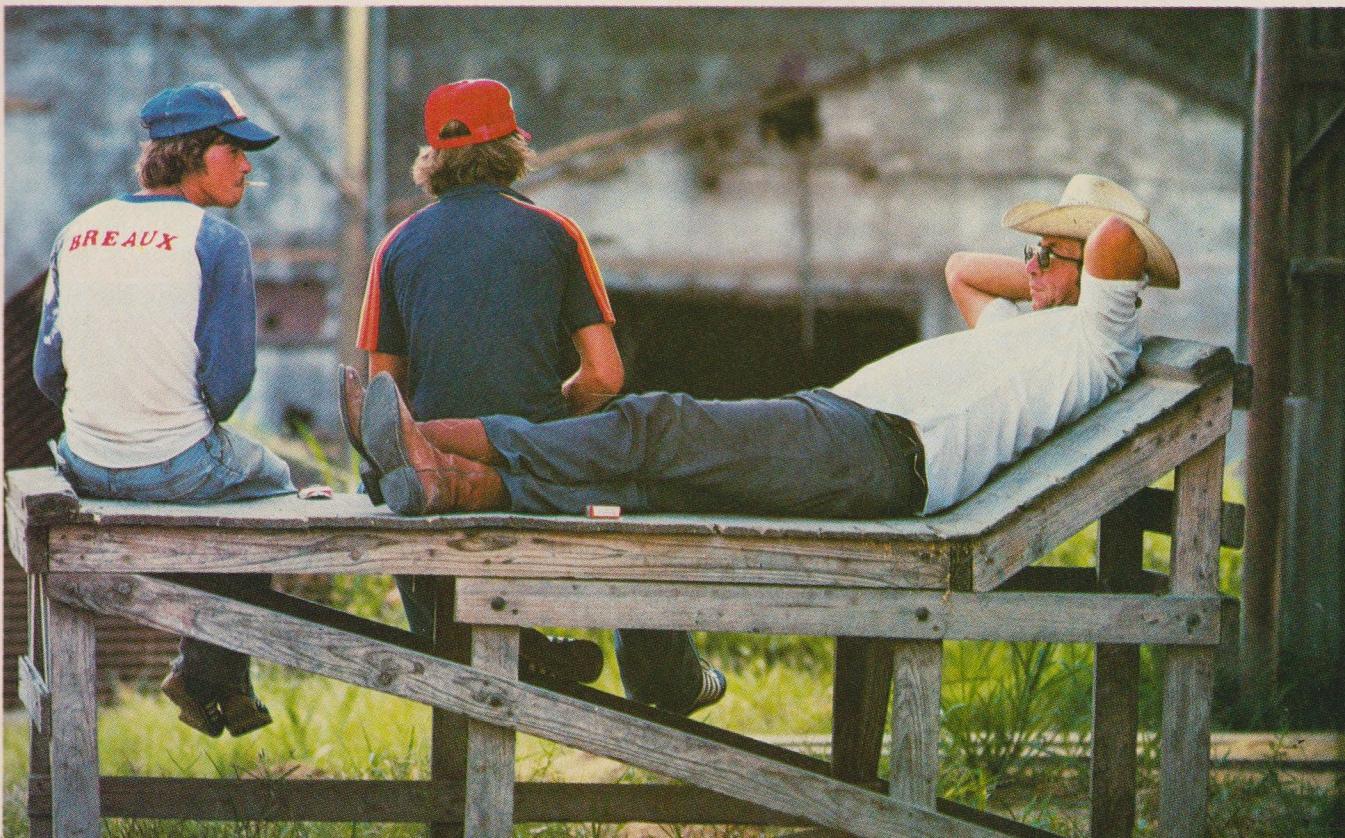
There are Chiassons and Chaissons just as here, plus Chassions. The big sports hero is a Guidry, Ron of the Yankees. Théobot Daigle (pronounced Daig-el), who runs Daigle's Grocery in Rayne, was born at Church Point, though not the Acadian community in Nova Scotia. Even their Université des Acadiens, which is the unofficial name for the University of Southwestern Louisiana, is in Hub City, which is the nickname for Lafayette, which is the same size as our Hub City, Moncton, which also has a large Acadian university. There is an Evangeline bread company, paint company, steakhouse and chiropractic clinic; and an Acadian carpet company, optical boutique and sand company. And everywhere in Acadiana, you see faces of people who remind you of those you've known all your life. Back home.

Carl Brasseaux is one. He's assistant director of the Centre for Louisiana Studies at USL, where scholars dissect Acadian life and history. He was born at Sunset, La., but he looks like someone

from Campbellton or Buctouche. He says, "The similarities between the people here and the people in New Brunswick are striking. I've had people tell me they had to stop and remind themselves they were in Louisiana. None of my family is left in Canada. There are several other families represented only out here."

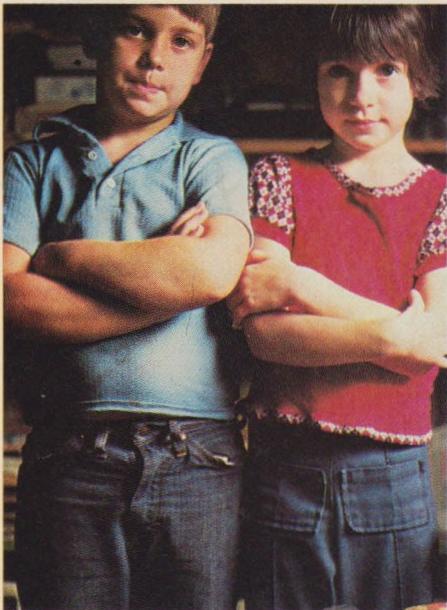
The Acadians started to arrive 10 years after the Expulsion, either in small groups floating down the Mississippi or in large shiploads from France or the West Indies where they'd settled for a while. Now, in an out-of-the-way, often inaccessible territory, they were largely by themselves. The American migration passed north of them. They adapted their old ways to suit subtropical circumstances, maintained their language, continued the old process of absorbing neighbors. Spaniards, Germans, anglos, and other French, soldiers stationed along the Mississippi or Creole settlers, they became Acadians, became tied by culture and spirit, if not blood, to Old Acadie. Brasseaux says, "We've had an expansion of Cajun culture through intermarriage, with the wife carrying the culture to her children."

Acadians who owned slaves, Brasseaux says, were more inclined than other southerners to treat them as "part of the family." The slaves spoke French and became Cajuns but today most French-speaking blacks in Louisiana call themselves Creole and speak a Haitian-spawned dialect.

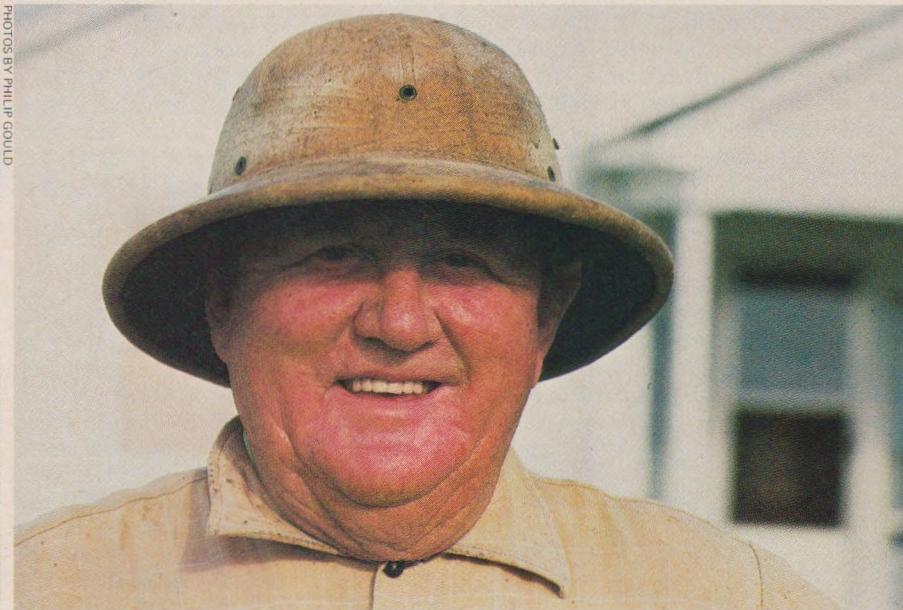


Cajuns still fight "coonass" image, but Hank Williams caught their true spirit in "Jambalaya"

# Heritage



Teetering on edge of a melting pot



Domeneaux led the fight for French language instruction

The Acadians thrived. Like the anglos further west, they were at home on the range. Their crops grew year-round. The bayous teemed with fish and pelts. During the Revolutionary War, a quarter-century after the Expulsion, they even got some revenge on the British. That was at Baton Rouge. Again in 1814 with Stonewall Jackson and the pirate Jean Lafitte at the Battle of New Orleans, they helped beat the British. Otherwise, however, they reverted to traditional Acadian neutrality and, a century after arriving in New Acadia, this attitude once again cost them dearly.

"The Civil War," says Glen Conrad, director of the Louisiana study centre, "was seen as somebody else's war." That didn't stop both Union and Confederate forces using Louisiana as a

source of conscript and resources.

The Acadian upper crust, though, were good rebels. A statue in Lafayette honors General Alfred Mouton, whose forbears were the first Acadians to reach Louisiana. Except for the name Port Mouton in Nova Scotia, their traces have vanished in the Maritimes. The northerners destroyed the area.

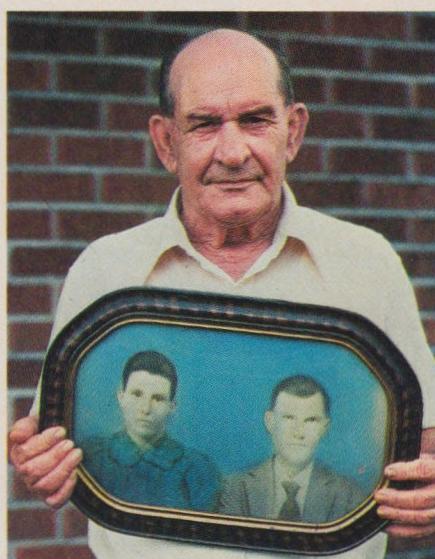
After the war the traditional way of life resumed as before. It didn't really begin to crumble until 40 years ago. The Louisiana legislature was controlled by the anglo north (just as the New Brunswick legislature, except during Louis Robichaud's years, has been controlled by the anglo south). It dealt the Acadians a crushing blow after the First World War when it outlawed the speaking of French on school grounds. Throughout Acadia, children were

beaten or humiliated. Then came radio, movies, roads, the Second World War, the oil industry and television. A generation grew up who behaved like offspring of immigrants. They abandoned their own culture for the mainstream. Today, the entire people teeters on the edge of the melting pot.

James Domeneaux is a 73-year-old Lafayette lawyer and former congressman who has tried to rouse a massively apathetic populace into making a last stand. Twelve years ago, when the schools still taught no French, he used his influence in Baton Rouge, the capital, to gain support and funding for a program of French instruction. A Council for the Development of French in Louisiana was established. Domeneaux says, "You've got to realize that we started from the status of degrada-



Music is the clearest link between Louisiana and Maritime Acadians



LeBleu: Finding where they came from

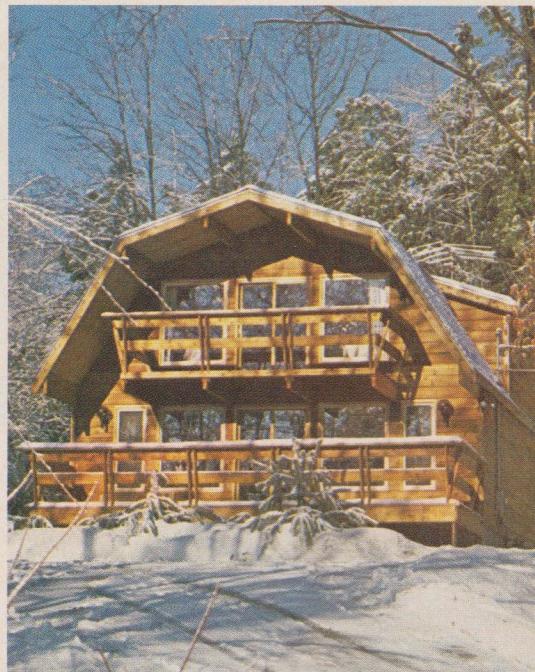
tion. It was considered *déclassé* to speak the language and the first two years of this effort were directed at returning pride and character to the people and the language. Today no one is ashamed to speak the language."

The Council for the Development of French had to fight its way through a political labyrinth. Getting French approved in the fiercely independent school districts was like hand-to-hand combat. The enemies included those who preferred to spend the money on school bands and sentimentalists who insisted on the teaching of merely the quaint expressions they'd heard their *grandpère* say. But today, the Council can boast student enrolment of 45,000 in French classes.

In Jefferson Davis parish, where the superintendent is Louis F. Gaudet (interestingly bearing the same surname as New Brunswick's militant Parti Acadien leader, Donatien Gaudet), French was rejected, but parents went through the courts to force its introduction. In Acadia Parish, where Annie LeBleu lives, French has been dropped and parents may have to fight to have it restored. "At first I didn't think it [French] was of any value," LeBleu said. "You see, I was just like all those other people. Then I started thinking about that. Then I said, if all the children learned to speak it, they could bring it back. Maybe they could even teach it to their parents, if their parents are interested. I don't see any harm in it anymore. I used to think it was just another subject given to a child, forcing him to learn something he may never use. Now I look at it differently. I wish they would bring it back."

Quebec, Belgium and France all send French teachers to Louisiana but the people who could have the most impact, the Maritimes' Acadians, are absent. France LeMay, Quebec's assistant commissioner in Lafayette, says teachers from the Maritimes would do well "because they're North Americans, most of all, and they're Acadians and would blend in easily."

But teachers from away need a strong dose of idealism before coming. A European, Christina Capra, complains, "In my country I was led to believe it would be a very rewarding experience for me to come to Louisiana to teach French....I soon realized I was not considered a regular teacher. My classes were held during the time of phys-ed, or when it rained. As French teachers, we were blamed for taking away the bread and butter of local residents. We have also been accused of stealing jobs and money from American teachers. Yes, we are guilty, we stole \$550 a month. And we were absolutely forbidden to take any other paying job



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## Heritage



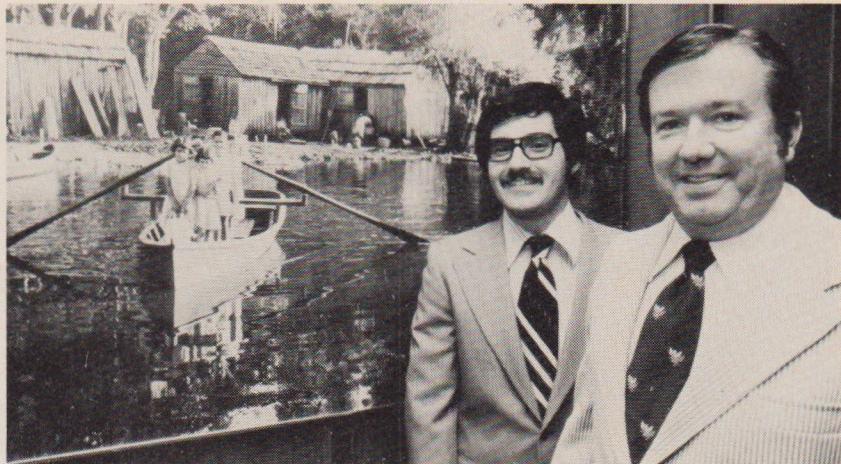
Hector Duhan: Old-time Cajun sound

to make ends meet."

Capra teaches in Ibernia Parish and ex-congressman Domeneaux acknowledges the program there is "very very unsatisfactory." Other parishes are "aggressively behind the program." To support it, LeMay says, the very least New Brunswick should do is to send down TV programs: "It's good to send something that would be understood because the people are very insecure and the French programs on PBS on Sunday night—it's such a French, they don't understand a word of it. It's bad because that can have a boomerang effect. It can hurt very much more than it can help. I think New Brunswick programs would be more in tune with the accents of the people."

One of the few times official contacts between New Brunswick and Acadiana were tried, in 1972, they ended badly. Lafayette wanted to twin with Moncton, where the leaders of the anglo majority often act like the heirs of Governor Charles Lawrence who ordered the Expulsion in the first place. Leonard C. Jones, the mayor then, called the project a "conspiracy." When a delegation made him an "honorary Acadian," he returned the certificate. Thomas J. Arceneaux says a myth Cajuns have been taught to believe is that their French is poor. The former dean of agriculture at the University of Southern Louisiana designed the official red, white and blue Acadiana flag. It features the Our Lady of the Assumption star, the fleur-de-lis of Bourbon France and the Tower of Castile of Spain. "Our French, the standard Acadian French, is still good French—it's like your French in New Brunswick," Arceneaux says. "It's more like the French of New Brunswick than the French of Quebec. But the people here have been told it's not good French."

"In school, they tried to impress you with the fact, forget that French,



Conrad, Brasseaux: Acadians thrived, at home on the range

it's no good. I was consultant to the American mission in France after World War II with the Marshall Plan. When I came back I met some of my old cronies in Carenco at a funeral parlor. They said, 'Well, Tom, tell us, how did you get along in France? They understood you, you understood them?' I said, 'I spoke the same kind of French we speak right here in Carenco. They understood me. I understood them.' Well, then they said, 'I'll be doggone. We didn't know.'

French had survived almost entirely as an oral language. Without English book-learning, this made the Cajuns not only illiterate in the eyes of their semi-literate anglo neighbors, but also ignorant. But Alphé Lantier, 72, a retired farmer whose late wife was a Richard, says the Acadians were smart where it counted: On the table. "We had corn, sweet potato, cotton, corn for syrup, beef, pigs, hens, turkeys, geese, ducks, we never lacked anything." Lantier

speaks a beautiful French, no English. He recalls that the only people who spoke English were "Dr. Prejean and the grocer who bought eggs from my father. He'd pay for the eggs with materials for clothing."

The land still brings forth its plenty, but a bumper crop of sugar cane does not always mean much money. Oil and natural gas are the backbone of local wealth now. Derricks rise everywhere on land and rigs sit on the horizon of the gulf. Mike Deshotels, who runs the weekly newspaper *Acadian Press* in Mamou with his wife Lulubelle, says, "The oil has meant a lot of jobs for our young people." It has also brought the shadow of Houston over the area; Texans have moved in to run operations. There are complaints the Acadians have not received enough from the bonanza and, down in the bayous, there's concern that the precious ecologies of that wonderland are being irreparably damaged. Yet the Acadians



Evangeline oak tree: Gabriel, alas, was married

—never ones to shrink from the sea—have become so proficient in running the rigs that they're sought all over the world. Hundreds of Cajuns working in the North Sea these past few years—oh crowning irony—have helped make sure there'll always be an England.

The clearest evidence that these Louisiana people are fellow tribesmen of Maritime Acadians is heard, rather than seen. Throughout Acadiana, radio stations play music by people with names like Cammy Doucet. It's country music sung in French or, just as often, the old-time fiddle and accordian strains so familiar in the Maritimes. In Ville Platte, toward the northern part of Acadiana, Floyd Soileau has a record store and pressing plant. He produces about a third of the French records in Louisiana. People credit him with



Familiar names, spelled differently

having saved the old-time Cajun sound, but he admits it was a bit of a fluke:

"I kept releasing only country stuff until about six or seven years ago when Dewey Balfour of the Balfour Brothers kept coming to me saying I should be doing the root sound, the old traditional sound. I couldn't see that there would be a market for the music. I refused him two or three times, and finally he mentioned something about 'The Drunken Sorrow Waltz.' They [customers] had been pestering me for years for 'The Drunken Sorrow Waltz.' The old Khoury label had done this many years ago on a 78 which was no longer available. I didn't know who had done this song, and I asked a few bands, but nobody seemed to know about it." Then, one day, Dewey mentioned that he'd been on record before. "We were the ones who made 'The Drunken Sorrow Waltz,'" he told Soileau.

Soileau recorded the traditional music and "as a result Dewey and the other groups started making appearan-



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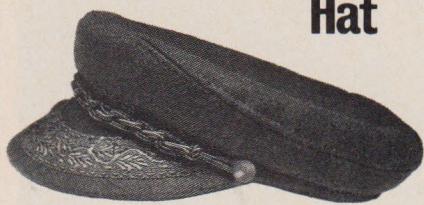
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## Heritage

ces at various universities and folk-music festivals all over the country." Since there is no French TV or newspaper, music is a prime way to create interest in French. Soileau says there is even demand for French records in east Texas, but distance and import laws make it uneconomical to distribute in Canada's Acadia.

To many in the South, the Cajuns are the joke people, like Poles and Newfoundlanders elsewhere. The epithet specifically reserved for them is "coonass." Young Cajuns have heard it so often, they sport T-shirts and bumper stickers that proclaim, "I'm proud to be a coonass." Pick up your daily New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, and you'll find the grossest caricatures woven into what purport to be news stories. They suggest the most important pursuits in your typical "fun-loving" Cajun's life are consorting with prostitutes, gambling and attending cockfights.

Still, aren't we all "fun-loving"? And didn't that master of song, Hank Williams, capture the *joie-de-vivre* manifest in Cajun society in his song, "Jambalaya," which is the name of one of those red-hot dishes they got from the Spanish. Then there's the gentle humor of Howard Jacobs, whose *Once Upon a Bayou* is a hilarious collection of tales in the kind of fractured English we've all heard in Canada but wouldn't dare commit to paper.

Which brings us back to Evangeline. Leona Guirard says: "Claude Martin had a sister called Margaret, who was foster-mother of two or three children who got separated or lost from their parents. Emmeline LaBiche, the Evangeline of the story, was one of these children. Emmeline had just got engaged. She was around 16. It is said her father had a heart attack on the beach [at Grand Pré] and died. And they were given permission to bury the father. But they didn't allow Louis Arceneaux, the Gabriel of the story, to stay because he wasn't actually part of the family."

When Emmeline next saw Louis, under the oak at St. Martinville, he was married. Her heartbreak came to symbolize the grief of a people mercilessly uprooted from their homeland. Whether Evangeline was real like Paul Revere or mythical like Santa Claus makes no difference. For, while the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor symbolizes universal ideals of human rights to a continent, to the Acadians of the Maritimes and Louisiana, that little statue in the back of a church in St. Martinville gives inspiration for these ideals in a much more meaningful way.

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## Dalton Camp's column

# Young Maritimers say "Westward Ho!" Good



A man who works behind the ticket counter at Fredericton Airport was talking about the changing patterns in ticket sales. The most popular flights these days, he was saying, are those that go to Toronto and on to Calgary. And return. Which is to say, young people flying out to Alberta to look for jobs, finding them, and coming home for their holidays; also, their folks flying out to visit them.

It used to be, of course, a different traffic pattern, by either air, rail or bus. Previous generations travelled to the Boston States, to Montreal and Toronto, and for the same reasons: To look for a start in life, and visit in-laws.

During a recent westbound flight out of Fredericton, my seat companion turned out to be a young man from Sunbury County, N.B., now settled in

Calgary, returning after a visit with his parents. His first and last job in New Brunswick had been working in Minto making bodies for the Bricklin motor car. When that enterprise foundered, he headed west. Now he was a carpenter.

I asked him where he had trained to be a carpenter. On the job, he told me. It was that simple: When he got to Calgary, he discovered there were positions open for carpenters and he applied. Nobody asked any questions.

Furthermore—and this was interesting—he noticed that his work mates were inclined to stand around on a job and wait for someone to tell them what to do. After a while, he began to tell them himself. That's when he became a boss, and now he walks about on a job and directs the work. Nobody asked him, but he's become a supervisor.

Soon, he says, he'll have his own crew.

There's nothing new, of course, about going down the road. We've been doing it for years. We do a certain amount of keening about all this, led by our politicians, and the out-migration of the young has become part of the local folklore, celebrated in soulful ballads sung to twanging guitars. But, beyond the schmaltz, there have been a lot of happy endings. Most of those who go down the road from here make it at the end.

The reason so many do is worth our pondering. It seems to have to do with some ingrained impulse, taken from a youthful experience in a testing environment, to get on with it—a do-it-yourself impulse which is less a hobby and more a necessity. Throughout the

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countryside in these parts, people get used to applying rude strength, native wit and primitive tools to the task of survival. In the big cities, it soon enough becomes a quality admired as personal initiative.

I like to believe there is some compensatory element in nature that equips natives in the Atlantic area for life elsewhere. Upward mobility is born in them: They travel well and settle easily. Even so, as soon as they're able, they come back to fish, hunt or lie in the sun, and few of them lose the dream of coming back one day to stay.

So, Alberta is the new promised land, and meeting people out there who

have recently arrived, you're cheerfully told there's enough promise to go round for generations to come. It won't be very long until Calgary and Edmonton become Atlantic annexes, as Boston, Toronto and Montreal once were, or still are. Any day now, your provincial tourism department will be opening up tourist information offices in downtown Calgary and putting in Watts lines. If you can't keep 'em, invite 'em back.

I suppose this latest population drain will wring many a tear from those left behind. There being no more parochial animal than a local politician, we can expect to hear a whining from the legislatures as loud as the sound of a

westbound DC-9 departing the ramp.

But weep no more. Unlike the Boston States, or the big cities of Central Canada, Calgary and Edmonton are mere towns. After Alberta has been invaded and settled by thousands of self-starting, entrepreneurial-minded, loyal Atlantic migrants, I can visualize a new pax-Atlantica—an Atlantic stronghold in the new west, where we'll have the numbers and the political know-how to make the most of all that new wealth. Our politicians should dry their eyes and start thinking of ways to swell the immigrant tide. If we play our cards right, we might even get cut in on the Heritage Fund. Imagine! ☐

# Upcoming in Atlantic Insight



## The night Yvon Durelle will not forget

He's 50 now. His hair is white. He came within "whispering distance of boxing immortality" but that was 22 years ago. Who remembers? Archie Moore remembers. Durelle himself remembers. Stephen Kimber looked him up in Baie Ste. Anne, N.B.

## Hank Snow has hard memories, too

Freelance writer John Porteous says Snow deserves the Order of Canada "but what does a nation do to honor a man named Hank who used to yodel in Legion Halls?" Porteous decided to honor Snow himself. He went down to Nashville to get the strange life story of "Hank, the Yodelling Ranger."

## Also: The Canadian Journey

The Seagram Co. Ltd. commissioned this 36-page insert to help Canadians understand themselves, their past, their future and, most of all, other Canadians. In Canada, no time has ever been more ripe for mutual understanding.

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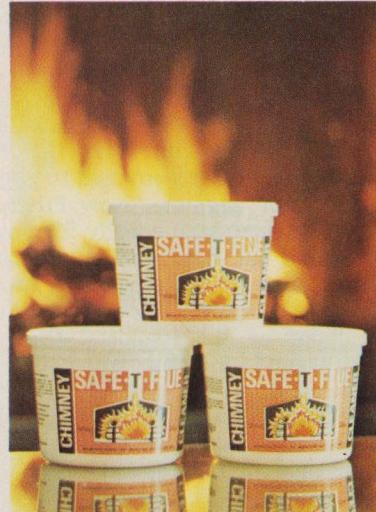
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# Recording

## What's this? A new disc by good old Don Messer

Yes, the old curmudgeon lives again, and so do Marg and Charlie

**D**avid Pritchard is one of those people you have to call cool. He's a former FM-radio disc jockey, and his musical tastes run to electronic rock and New Wave bands. He's always been cool. He remembers that, when he was a kid, he saw Don Messer and his Islanders on TV, with Messer playing his whining fiddle, and Charlie Chamberlain crooning, along with Marg Osburne, and—naturally—Pritchard used to giggle.

But not anymore. Now Pritchard and Alan Guettel, an equally hip young rock-music fan, have—for better or for worse—touched off a genuine revival in Messer's music. They've produced an album of the Islanders' classics—and they've also come across fascinating insights into Messer himself, who turns out to have been the cheapskate's cheapskate, and Charlie Chamberlain, who, as everybody suspected, was a champion drinker.

Guettel and Pritchard first teamed up a couple of years ago to produce a 90-minute special on Messer and other old-time Canadian musicians for CBC radio. Their show was a hit, and so was a weekly series that followed, called *Your Number One Song*. It featured all the golden oldies, such masterpieces as "Big John McNeil," a Messer recording that Guettel says was probably the biggest-selling Canadian record of the Forties.

With this background, putting out the album was a natural. They sold the idea to the Apex Label, Messer's original recording company, and now the album is a hit. Guettel claims advance orders from record dealers were more than 100,000. The album is called *The Good Old Days* and it is, at very least, a magnificent collection of Canadian musical nostalgia. Most of the cuts go way back, long before the television days, to the Thirties and Forties, with songs such as "Rock Valley," "Buffalo Gals," "White River Stomp" and "Big Angus Campbell." You can return to July, 1947, when Marg Osburne made her first recording with the Islanders (a

duet, with Charlie, called "Rubber Dolly") and you can hear the earliest surviving recording of Charlie and Marg singing the closing theme, "Smile the While."

Pritchard and Guettel, both Torontonians, say they were amazed at how good the music sounded to their rock-jaded ears. "If I saw some of the TV shows now," Pritchard says, "I might still be tempted to giggle; the band often seemed to be just going through the paces by the time they went on television. But the early music, is really jumping. It's fantastic."

Pritchard and Guettel recruited Rae



The way they were: Charlie (with guitar), Messer (fiddle) and Marg

Simmons, the Islanders' clarinetist, and Graham Townsend, the Canadian world-champion fiddler, to help them identify performers on the old records. Simmons and Townsend also supplied memories of life with the band—and told some stories about Messer being such a cheapie.

Guettel makes no effort to speak kindly of the dead. "Nobody we talked to who was connected with Messer had a kind word to say about him," he says. "He was just plain mean. One time, Graham Townsend bought a \$1.79 patch cord without Messer's authorization and Messer blew his stack."

"During some of the early recordings, you'll hear Rae Simmons's clarinet playing for just a few seconds in the middle of the song. This is because Messer was too cheap to hire a recording engineer—he'd make Rae Simmons

go out to get the equipment started, then race into the studio to play his bit in the middle, then run back out to stop the machine. Messer wouldn't even buy the band a second microphone until the late Forties," Guettel says. "Up until then, they all had to huddle around one mike."

Messer was the only Islander who ever made any real money, even in the later years. When the band went on the road, Messer got 15% of the revenue off the top; then the expenses and payments to the promoters came off; and each of the performers got 2% of whatever was left. Two percent!

So why did the band stay with him. "Probably because they knew he was a survivor," Pritchard says. "They'd all been through the Depression and they'd seen bands go broke and fall apart—but Messer was becoming a national institution." The key to Messer's success wasn't his skill as a fiddler, Guettel says, it was his versatility. "There are better Canadian fiddlers in every genre," he says. "There's a better eastern fiddler, a better Québécois fiddler, Ukrainian fiddler, and so on. But Messer could do it all—and stay sober enough to hold his band together."

Actually, Messer had no trouble staying sober because he was a teetotaler. He took a drop occasionally in his last years, but only (truly) for medicinal purposes. Drinking was a point of division within the band—Messer led the dry faction, and Charlie Chamberlain led the wets. Mainly because of this, the two never got along.

"Rae Simmons told us that Don and Charlie reminded him of an old married couple," Guettel says. "Whenever they were together, they were fighting—and they were always together. One time, Don was driving and Charlie was beside him and they were quarrelling, as usual. Charlie said, 'Don, you better stop this car right now, because I'm gonna whomp you, and then we'll both be in the ditch.'"

But when they were up there on a stage, everything came together—one way or another—and the album brings it all back. Pick up a copy and settle back in the kitchen (it'll be better in the kitchen), pour yourself a drink, and enjoy the whining fiddle, and the songs of Marg and Charlie, one more time. And, just for old time's sake, have an extra belt for Charlie.

—Dick Brown



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March 10, 11  
Performance Appraisal  
Fredericton

March 10, 11  
Retirement Planning  
St. John's

March 12, 13  
Creativity in Action  
Halifax

March 17, 18 19  
Compensation and Benefits Administration  
Halifax

March 24, 25  
Inventory Management  
Moncton

March 24, 25  
Word Processing  
Halifax

March 26, 27  
Communication Skills Workshop  
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## "Please. No thank you. A raw carrot will do"

*Is there anywhere harder than Atlantic Canada in which to get fashionably super-thin?*

Janice and Barbara are on a diet. This time it's the Scarsdale one. When you have lunch with them, they bring plastic ice-cream tubs filled with fresh fruit. They have problems with dinner invitations, but Janice thinks next time she's asked out she'll just bring a bag of scallops and ask her hosts to cook them for her.

The magic of the Scarsdale diet is in the combination of foods, as Janice and Barbara love to tell you, at length. You eat certain things on certain days and you don't deviate from the regimen by a single scallop or orange slice. That's what makes it work. They are experts on what makes diets work because, in the past six or seven years, they've been on all of them. The quick weight-loss diet. The diet-revolution fat-and-protein scheme. Grapefruit and cottage cheese. Rice. All the booze you want, but very little food. All of certain foods you want, but no booze. The high-fibre diet. The last-chance diet. The fast—both total and protein-sparing.

They are founts of knowledge on the wisdom of best-selling diet doctors: Cott, Stillman, Atkins, Pritikin. They quote you chapter and verse. On the surface, they are no different from any other North American weight-obsessed females, but deep down in their genes there's a secret chromosome, a silent, potent factor, vital as the DNA strand, a near-insurmountable obstacle to their professed goal of being fashionably thin: They are Atlantic Canadians who move among people who really don't believe in being fashionably anything.

Diet mania has had some impact on the cities here. The newspapers advertise Weight Watchers classes. The bookstores do a brisk trade in diet best-sellers. At the supermarket, you can buy portion-controlled, calorie-calculated frozen dinners. The thing is, though, we don't have many cities, and outside them there are whole regions where *Vogue*-ish standards of desirable female proportions don't apply.

Janice and Barbara come from Cape Breton. They feel safe as long as they stay in Halifax. When they have their hair done, they run the gauntlet of

reception-area copies of *Bazaar* and *Elle*. If they're not feeling guilty enough after that, Barbara says, the guy who cuts her hair, and who happens to have the body of an especially trim matador, is apt to gaze witheringly at the smallest bulge in the seam of her slacks and then smirk. Last time it happened she left in tears and fasted for two days.

Eventually, though, they go home. Here is how Janice describes her last visit: 'I'd just been on a diet and lost seven pounds. Now, when I go home, if they know I'm coming, my mother and my aunts start baking at least two days ahead. Bread, pies, squares. You know. That's bad enough because what I really find hard to resist is anything homemade. But what really killed me was, they thought I looked awful. I'd killed myself for three weeks and the first thing my mother said to me was, 'Your face is so thin it makes your nose look big.' So I went upstairs and looked in the mirror and my nose did look big and I went back downstairs and ate everything in the house.'

I know what she means. A few years ago I was filming a television feature in the Annapolis Valley. After we'd finished, the man I was interviewing invited the whole crew back to his place for lunch. (It happens. I once saw a visiting Toronto television reporter nearly faint from shock when it happened to him.) The man and his wife lived in an old farmhouse. The kitchen had a fireplace, and a long oak dining table on which they'd laid out platters of cold ham and chicken, home-made bread, a hamburger casserole, tossed salad, mashed potatoes, corn scallop, tomato aspic, pickled beets, fruit in a lime-jelly mould with whipped cream, sweet pickle relish, cucumbers in sour cream, cranberry bread, date-and-nut bread, butterscotch pie and a pineapple upside-down cake. This was lunch!

I did the best I could. But when I refused a second helping—not daring to mention that the first amounted to at least three times what I'd normally eat for lunch—the man just looked at me. His expression was a combination of

mild amusement and pity. "If you ate a little more," he said kindly, "maybe you wouldn't look so peaked."

It's a matter of standards, Janice says, of knowing what's really important. She and Barbara know they're right about their goals. But Christmas and the New Year were a wipeout, so they've sworn not to set foot outside Halifax until they've been on the Scarsdale at least a month. It's a miserable time, March, and hard enough to stick to your guns and do what you have to do without having to deal with people's silly, outdated prejudices.

Of course, as Barbara points out, it's also getting close to spring. Down the south shore, where her aunt who makes the best chowder in the world lives, they'll soon be thinking of planting and, next thing you know, there'll be the first vegetables, all redolent of hot cream, in a hodge-podge. Janice has friends in Cumberland County with a maple stand. They make maple syrup and blueberry pancakes to go with it. Soon it'll be strawberry season, and raspberry and blueberry. Strawberry shortcake. Berry pies. Janice and Barbara are in for a very tough time. ☒

## Feedback

A friend recently showed me a copy of your December issue, calling to my attention the article on oil profits (*Visions of Oil Profits Danced in Their Heads*). I want to compliment you on a publication that is extremely well done. But I do have a question. What in the world is a binicky jinker? Jack Swenson,

*Rocky Mountain Oil & Gas Association  
Denver, Colo., U.S.A.*

*Ed: According to Historic Newfoundland, a publication of the government of Newfoundland and Labrador, "binicky" means "ill-tempered" and "jinker" is "one who brings bad luck."*

What a wonderfully warm and personal piece on Bobby MacMillan by Earl McRae (*Bobby MacMillan, Hockey Player*, November). If only MacMillan could visit us here and pass on some of himself, either on or off the ice!

Sandi H. Logan,  
*New South Wales Ice Hockey  
Association, Sydney, Australia*

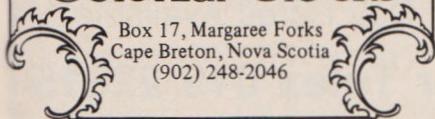
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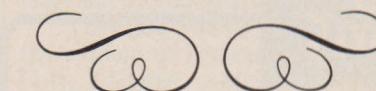
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# Calendar

## NEW BRUNSWICK

March—Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, March 4, Moncton; March 5, Saint John

March—New Brunswick Hawks play—March 1, 4, Binghamton; March 8, Adirondack; March 11, Nova Scotia; March 15, Maine, The Coliseum, Moncton

March—Theatre New Brunswick presents “Free At Last,” March 1, Chatham; March 3, 4 Moncton; March 5, Sussex; March 6-8, Saint John

March 1, 2 — Nord 100, Ski Tour Bathurst to Newcastle

March 1 - 30 — New Brunswick People’s Prehistory, National Exhibition Centre, Fredericton

March 3 — Bassoonist George Zukerman with Brunswick String Quartet, Fredericton

March 7-9 — Atlantic Canada’s Conference on Music (ACCOM), Fredericton

March 8, 9 — N.B. Seniors Badminton Tournament, Saint John

March 11 — The Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Mount Allison University, Sackville

March 15 — Men’s N.B. Diamond Seniors Bonspiel, Campbellton

March 15, 16 — N.B. Cup, Alpine Race, Campbellton

March 24 - 30 — Air Canada Silver Broom: World Curling Championship, Moncton

March 27 — The Vienna Choir Boys, Saint John

March 28 - 29 — Antique Show and Sale, Moncton

March 28 - 30 — Speed Sport Auto Show, Aitken University Centre, Fredericton

March 28 - 31 — Artisan ’78, Mount Allison University, Sackville

## NOVA SCOTIA

March — Atlantic Symphony Orchestra, March 11, New Glasgow; March 12, Glace Bay; March 16, Halifax

March — Kipawo Showboat presents “Cinderella,” and “Tom Sawyer,” Wolfville

March — Nelson Surette: Painter, Library, Truro

March — Nova Scotia Voyageurs play — March 2, Binghamton; March 7, Adirondack; March 9, 23, New Brunswick; March 14, 16, Maine, Metro Centre, Halifax

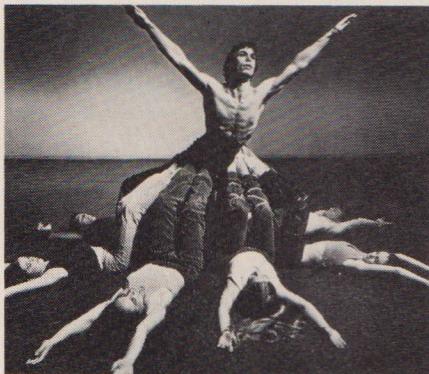
March 1 - 11 — The Graphic Connection: Japanese wood blocks, Art Gallery of N.S., Halifax

March 1 - 16 — Neptune Theatre presents “The Master Builder,” Halifax

March 1 - 28 — Karl Spital: Sketches and paintings, St. F.X., Antigonish

March 1 - 31 — Mabel Seeley: Mixed Media, Dartmouth Heritage Museum

March 6, 7 — The Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax



March 6 - 28 — Sheila Cotton: Paintings, Lunenburg

March 7 - 9 — Halcon 3: Science Fiction Convention, Saint Mary’s University, Halifax

March 10 - 12 — Spring Thaw: Songs and Sketches, Dalhousie Arts Centre

March 12 - 23 — Bit Players present “Touch of Paradise,” Theatre 1707, Halifax

March 13-15, 20-22 — Theatre Arts Guild presents “Among His Peers,” Pond Playhouse, Jollimore

March 13 - 16 — Latinoamericano: Weaving, leather work, pottery, jewelry, Mount Saint Vincent University, Halifax

March 15 — Fashion Show, Mount Saint Vincent University

March 27 — Community Concert: Harvey Pittel Trio, Glace Bay

March 28 — “The Unexpected Guest” by Agatha Christie, Dalhousie Arts Centre

## PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

March 5 - April 13 — Selections from the Permanent Collection, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

March 8 — Spring Thaw: Songs and Sketches, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

March 12 - April 6 — Graphics East and West: A fifteenth anniversary selection, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

March 15 — The Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Confederation Centre

March 19 - April 13 — Prints of the Impressionists, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

March 22 — Dance P.E.I., Confederation Centre

March 24 - 28 — Children’s Theatre Productions, Stage 2, Charlottetown

March 29 — P.E.I. Symphony, Confederation Centre

## NEWFOUNDLAND

March — Karen Quinton: Pianist, Arts and Culture Centre, March 1, Corner Brook; March 4, Grand Falls; March 7, Gander; March 12, St. John’s

March — The Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Arts and Culture Centre, March 20, Stephenville; March 21, Corner Brook; March 22, Grand Falls; March 23, Gander

March — “The Unexpected Guest” by Agatha Christie, Arts and Culture Centre, March 19, 20, Corner Brook; March 21, Grand Falls; March 22, Gander; March 23, Stephenville

March 1 — Newfoundland Cross-Country Ski Marathon, Stephenville

March 1, 2 — Two Newfoundland All-Breed Championship Shows, Memorial University, St. John’s

March 1 - 30 — Ferryland Tapestry and Paintings, Happy Valley

March 1 - April 13 — Newfoundland Photography Exhibition, 1849-1949, Newfoundland Museum, St. John’s

March 3 - April 4 — History of the Future, Mary March Museum, Grand Falls

March 7 - 9 — Men’s Open Curling Bonspiel, Stephenville

March 12 - 15 — Annual Music Festival, Stephenville

March 14, 15 — Skate Atlantica, Corner Brook

March 15 — Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra, Arts and Culture Centre, Grand Falls

March 15, 16 — Winter Sports Weekend, Bay of Islands

March 15 - 20 — Winter Carnival, Wabush/Labrador City

March 15 - April 15 — St. Michael’s Shop Proofs, Arts and Culture Centre, Grand Falls

March 16 - 23 — Seagram’s Mixed Curling Championships of Canada, St. John’s

March 22, 23 — Gros Morne overnight Cross-country Ski Tour, Gros Morne

## Books

# Spring has almost sprung And here come the Expos!

*Brodie Snyder, The Year the Expos Almost Won the Pennant, Virgo Press, \$2.50.*

**C**anadians who wouldn't know a fungo from a toadstool became as knowledgeable baseball experts as Howard Cosell last August. Our baseball writers, more used to jeering than cheering, turned lyrical with daily odes to the impossible dream. In the end, disappointed but not disheartened, Canadians became the legitimate heirs

to the old Brooklyn Dodger fanatics' cry: "Wait 'til next year!" It was the year the Expos almost won the pennant.

Former Montreal *Gazette* sports editor Brodie Snyder has written a fact-filled, entertaining account of that incredible season of Expomania, when Canada's first major league baseball team shed its mantle of mediocrity. When the

Expos bowed out on the final day of the season, they had won 95 games, 16 more than ever before. They had the third-best record in baseball, behind only the rival Pittsburgh Pirates and the American League champion Baltimore Orioles. And when the Pirates' Willie Stargell sank the Orioles in the seventh game of the World Series—as he had earlier devastated the Expos—Canadians across the land could console themselves with the thought that we had the second-best team in all of baseball.

Williams:  
Next time

This was a team that only three years earlier had won just 55 games, finishing 46 games out of first place in the National League's Eastern Division. That black year of 1976 the Expos drew only 646,000 fans into Jarry Park, the second season in a row when attendance dropped under a million. Montreal was starting to look like a second Oakland and there were murmurs of moving the franchise. Then Dick Williams, a three-time pennant winner in the American League, was hired as a manager, promising younger players

matured and some astute trades brought in still-useful veterans. By 1978, Montreal fans were flocking to Olympic Stadium, but the Expos finished a disappointing 14 games out.

Last year, under Williams's crusty leadership, the team jelled. Its 14-5 April record put them in first place, a position they were to occupy 62 days during the season but, alas, not on the final one.

Unlike the Pirates whose public persona was that of one big happy family, the Expos had their share of internal dissension. The few words Williams and ace pitcher Steve Rogers exchanged were sarcastic. Talented outfielder Ellis Valentine was accused by manager and team-mates alike of malingering while fading stars Dave Cash and Rudy May, both since departed, were bitter about their infrequent use. But the centre held and, despite a brutal schedule, the Expos played at a sparkling 23-11 clip during the final month.

When Expo fever was in full swing in Montreal, Snyder says, scalpers got \$100 a pair for \$7-seats and taxi drivers received hefty tips just for switching car radios to the play-by-play broadcast by Dave Van Horne and Duke Snider. Radio stations scrambled to get in on the action. The Expos' radio network doubled in size as games were heard in places such as Saint John, Charlottetown, Halifax, Sydney and Corner Brook. A total of 2,102,173 people paid their way into Olympic Stadium last year. The Canadian Press named the Expos Canada's Team of the Year by a wide margin over the Stanley Cup-winning Canadiens.

The *Gazette* summed up the season: "Montreal was left with suffused contentment and a new hope. The fever has now subsided....But like a seed hidden for the winter, in the recesses of Montreal living rooms and lounges, the 1980 season is being nourished quietly, ready to rush to growth again in the spring."

The progenitors of such perfervid prose are back where it all started a year ago, in spring training camp at Daytona Beach, Fla. Having come so close last year, the Expos know—or should know—that Montreal's fickle fans will

settle for nothing less than the National League pennant in 1980. There's no reason why they can't make it; on paper, this year's team looks stronger than last's.

But whatever the 1980 Expos do, they can only add to, not erase, the memories of 1979. In chronicling those sterling exploits, Brodie Snyder has hit a game-winning line drive. He deserved better from his publishers, however. For its multitude of mis-spellings, typos and assorted errors, Virgo Press should be placed on irrevocable waivers.

—Harry Flemming

*Harry Flemming and Brodie Snyder tangled in a memorable baseball-trivia contest at the Halifax Press Club. Flemming won.*

## Fiction wrap-up: Surprises, puzzles, brilliant flashes

*You'll find them in five new paperbacks. The stories are mostly short—and mostly Atlantic Canadian*

**W**ho is Ved Devajee? Ostensibly, he's the author of *The Nemesis Casket* (Square Deal Publications, \$7), the most bewildering entry among these five new volumes of fiction. Actually, he's Reshard Gool, head of Square Deal Publications, Charlottetown. *The Nemesis Casket* is Square Deal's next-to-last publishing effort and Gool has gone to extraordinary lengths to give the author a separate identity from that of the publisher. There's a back-cover photo of Devajee, a biography, an appendix of correspondence between Devajee and Gool, even pictures of Ved as a child.

Is the book worth the charade? Only if you have lots of stamina. Almost wilfully obscure, *The Nemesis Casket* heaps letters, tapes, incidents and conversations into an unwieldy mass and emerges with a muddled saga of two families, complicated even more by overtones of conspiracy. Gool's earlier work, *Price*, shows him to be a capable writer of prose. But *The Nemesis Casket*'s fragmented narrative leaves the reader confused more by its style than its elaborate puzzles.

*Fiddlehead Greens* (Oberon Press, \$6.95) is saddled with some badly

chosen cover art. It's a collection of 15 stories culled from *Fiddlehead* magazine's past 20 years. Only Alden Nowlan and Hugh Hood get two stories each and Hood's are the pick of the collection, especially "The Singapore Hotel," an adornment for any anthology. The best of the relative unknowns is Fred Bonnie's gritty "Roland Fogg." Unfortunately, my copy of *Fiddlehead Greens* came with a chunk of the book missing and another section repeated. I had to read the two Hood stories and one by Margaret Atwood at the library. But the book was worth the trouble.

Sheldon Currie's *The Glace Bay Miner's Museum* (Deluge Press, \$4.50) contains nine surreal stories of which the best are the opening title tale and the closing "Pomp and Circumstance." In between is a mixed bag of less successful experimental works. Sometimes they give your subconscious a jolt. But you can't escape the impression of contrivance. When Currie forsakes writing from the heart, he runs into trouble.

*Squatter's Rights* (Oberon Press, \$6.95), Fred Bonnie's set of stories, is adroitly written. Only "The Ark Rested in the Seventh Month," an adolescent skirmish, and "The State Meet," marred by a false ending, falter. The rest are superior examples of Bonnie's strengths: Credible dialogue, an irony that avoids cheap shots.

Of the half-dozen stories in William Bauer's *A Family Album* (Oberon Press, \$6.95), three sink under the weight of a ponderous narrative voice that robs perfectly good stories of impact. A sample: "However fanciful the sweet wholesome (yet capable of rotting) flesh of the youthmind be, it did at one time in this world's history, send forth odors out of its own central core and forcefully impinge upon the suffering nostrils of other bodyfleshed beings in the landscape of the chronicled historyworld."

Fortunately, Bauer sometimes trusts his better instincts. "The Hounds of Barkerville" is brilliant, a tour de force about a finance company trainee who returns to his home town to repossess a car. "The Clairvoyant" and "This Story Ends in a Pinegrove" are less successful, but manage to make the most of their raw material. When he doesn't overdo detail to the point of tiresomeness, Bauer is a fine writer.

Choosing the pick of this new crop is a toss-up between *Squatter's Rights* and *The Glace Bay Miner's Museum*. *The Nemesis Casket* is next to impenetrable, *A Family Album* inconsistent, and *Fiddlehead Greens* solid, but conventional. But Fred Bonnie and Sheldon Currie are enterprising writers, the kind who provide those little shocks of recognition that make fiction worthwhile.

-Doug Watling



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## Movies

# Can you believe it? A musical~about death

All That Jazz is also "one of the most astonishingly egocentric movies ever made"

By Martin Knelman

If there was anything you could count on in the old Hollywood, it was that death would be treated, on those rare occasions when it had to be mentioned at all, as a serious, solemn matter. Our childhood fantasies about death were influenced by shootouts at the OK Corral as well as by the lump-in-throat nobility of Bette Davis in *Dark Victory* or Susan Hayward in *I Want to Live*. Maybe Alfred Hitchcock could get away with the occasional bit of grisly comedy, but movie audiences could pretty well count on being safe from jokes about that least comic of all human experiences.

Lately, death has come out of the closet in such a big way that you could build a library exclusively out of Death Lit, and it is no longer possible to spend a quietly mindless evening in front of your TV set without being confronted with some terribly sensitive documentary about hospitals for the terminally ill. Never before in human history, one might surmise, have people talked so much about death and made it so central to cultural expression. Danger and violence are part of the ecstasy in rock music, and the early deaths of Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix and Keith Moon not to mention the stabbing deaths at a Rolling Stones concert and the trampling deaths at a Who concert are part of the Dionysian legend. To the mystics of the drug age, death is the ultimate experience which is why young audiences are lining up for the privilege of tripping out on such extravaganzas of doom as *Apocalypse Now* and *The Rose*. It is still possible to see a fairly square treatment of death, as in *Promises in the Dark*, which tells the story of a doomed girl in the old style. But connoisseurs of morbid entertainment demand a lot more than that now. Still, it may be some time before anyone can top Bob Fosse who has become the first writer-director to create a whole musical comedy on the

dubious subject of his own death.

*All That Jazz* is one of the most astonishingly egocentric movies ever to come out of Hollywood. The hero, called Joe Gideon and played (surprisingly well) by Roy Scheider, is not necessarily an obvious stand-in for Bob Fosse. After all, it could just be a coincidence that like Fosse, he is a famous Broadway choreographer and a movie director; that he is a hard-driving perfectionist, like Fosse; that he happens to be making a movie about a dirty-mouthed comic just like the movie that Bob Fosse made about Lenny Bruce; that he had an ex-wife just like one of Fosse's ex-wives, Gwen Verdon; and that at a crucial point in his career, he suffers a massive heart attack and is forced to consider the matter of his own death. The film breaks with the biographical facts on just one crucial point; Joe Gideon dies at the end of *All That Jazz*, and at the time we went to press, Bob Fosse was still alive. Apparently, he didn't want to miss the chance of greeting everyone who turned up for his funeral.

*All That Jazz* was conceived while Bob Fosse was recuperating from a heart attack that almost killed him. This was about the time that his movie *Lenny* was coming out. Fosse had made his name as a choreographer starting with the famous number from *The Pajama Game* and including the numbers he staged for Gwen Verdon in *Damn Yankees* and *Sweet Charity* and



Erzsebet Foldi, Roy Scheider: No business like death business



Ann Reinking plays Katie

he had made the leap into directing movies, too. In one year, he won an Oscar for *Cabaret*, two Tonys for *Pippin* and an Emmy for a Liza Minnelli TV special. Fosse's immediate response to his own heart attack was to start collaborating with Robert Alan Aurthur (who died of a heart attack on November 11, 1978) on a movie to be called "Ending." The treatment was serious, and the character wasn't at all like Fosse. But the script was so depressing that Fosse and Aurthur decided to work on a much lighter version which eventually became *All That Jazz*. Not surprisingly, the studios failed to snap it up. Daniel Melnick, the executive producer, was told that the material was self-indulgent, that the lead was a bastard, that he died at the end, and that it was about show business. Any one of those four bugaboos alone could kill a movie at the box office, but here was a property that had all four.

Eventually, Melnick managed to get the movie financed, crossing the street back and forth from one studio to another, and Richard Dreyfuss was chosen to play the leading role. But Dreyfuss couldn't dance and he couldn't get along with Bob Fosse, and he was quickly replaced. Roy Scheider lost weight in a hurry to catch that lean-and-nervous-as-a-cat Bob Fosse look, and though in earlier movies he has seemed like a good actor without char-

isma, this time he seems to have caught the fever of star magic. What this means is that even if you reject Bob Fosse's vision of himself, Scheider makes the movie worth seeing.

**E**very morning Joe Gideon pops out of bed and into the shower, takes a Dexedrine pill, puts his eyedrops in, turns on a tape of Baroque music, and faces himself in the mirror, a cigarette already dangling from his tightly coiled mouth. "It's show time folks," he says, lightly mocking the traditions to which he has dedicated his life. *All That Jazz* is Fosse's very own 8½, built on the narcissistic assumption that the audience is as swept up in the importance of the hero-director's life as he is. We see Gideon rehearsing dance numbers, and we learn that he is even more powerful and visionary and uncompromising than that invisible tyrant in *A Chorus Line*. We see him putting together a movie, and we learn that he is a whiz in the editing room, and that it's terribly courageous of him to make a movie about a comic who was virtually crucified for his "shocking" material. (The monologue we get to watch just happens to tie in to the subject of *All That Jazz*. "Know what death with dignity is, man?" asks Cliff Gorman, playing someone very much like Lenny Bruce. "You don't drool." Gorman actually did play Lenny in the original Broadway production, though in Fosse's film the part was taken by Dustin Hoffman.) We see him in intimate combat with various women, and we get the distinct impression that this dance guru is not only incurably heterosexual but so fantastic in bed that it would be a crime to tie him down to one woman. There is, however, one woman who can make him faithful. She is—are you ready?—a white-veiled symbol of death, portrayed by the same Jessica Lange who was last seen between the paws of King Kong.

There is one brilliant image in this movie, when we see one dance in fragments. The dancer is a woman, but with each quick cut it is a different woman. The image summarizes Fosse and how he sees his life: The male choreographer is all-powerful and the female dancer is disposable and anonymous.

What is bound to be remembered, finally, about *All That Jazz* is Fosse's choreographic wake for himself. At the end of the movie, the hero is locked in a hospital hooked up to tubes, preparing for the end. This is after we've been treated to the spectacle of his open-heart surgery. This is after we've realized he has to be martyred, because he is just too gifted and hard-working for this world and cares too much. ("I don't know about the audience," says Leland

Palmer as his long-suffering ex-wife, "but I think it's the best work you've ever done...You son of a bitch!") Then lying in bed, preparing for his departure from this world, he concocts the greatest exit number of all time. His daughter sings "Some of These Days," a fan-waving chorus line offers "Who's Sorry Now?" and his ex-wife bumps and grinds through "After You've Gone." Finally, with Ben Vereen and the entire cast prancing about in one of those preposterous sets inspired by Busby Berkeley, there's a kinky, mock-ironic "Bye Bye, Life" adapted from the old Everly Brothers hit "Bye Bye, Love." Just in case there is anyone left who thinks Fosse hasn't gone too far, there is more: While the corpse is being zipped up into its plastic bag and the credits roll, we hear the voice of Ethel Merman bulldozing her way through "There's No Business Like Show Business."

Are we meant to think that geniuses can be killed, literally, by bad reviews? At one point in *All That Jazz*, the hero suffers a relapse after watching a TV reviewer deflate his latest movie (Five years ago, while he was in hospital, Fosse was said to be very upset by Pauline Kael's review of *Lenny* in *The New Yorker*.) This may be taken as a caution to anyone who has harsh things to say about *All That Jazz*. Would even the most vicious critic want to feel responsible for Bob Fosse's demise?

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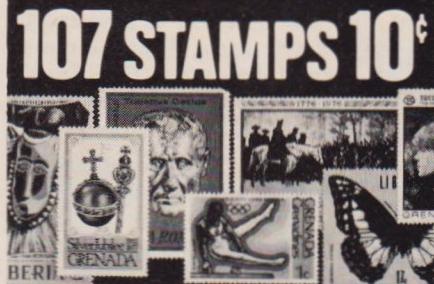
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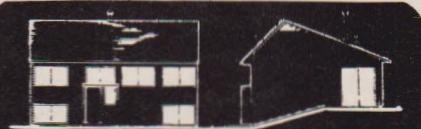
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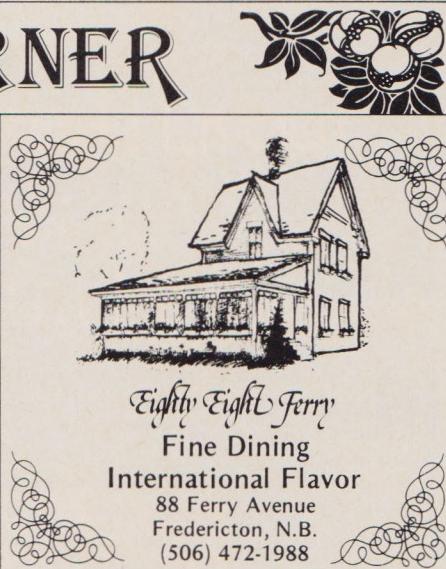
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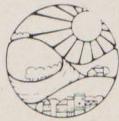
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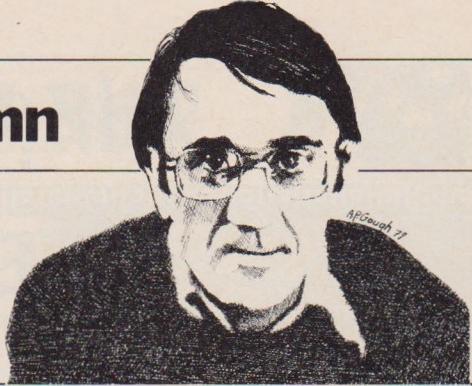
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## Ray Guy's column

# What's in a flag? Ask O'Toole. Then duck



**M**uch has been said and written about the legendary Newfoundland United Militant Extremist Republican Organization (NUMERO) but this is the first time, to my certain knowledge, that an actual copy of the minutes of a meeting of that clandestine group has appeared in the public prints. Said document was chucked through my transom during the supper hour on Wednesday past. NUMERO has, for many years, played a large part in the undercurrent of Newfoundland life. It claims a membership drawn from all facets of local society. Unity and independence are its sworn aims and its top brass meet in secret once each quarter. It was at the latest such gathering that the following originated:

The 394th Quarterly meeting of NUMERO was called to order at 7:15 p.m. in the Organization's rooms above Murphy's Groc. and Conf., Boncloddy Street, City, with Grand Numero Uno Paschal O'Toole presiding. Refreshments to follow.

GNU O'Toole said Outstanding Business to be dealt with was (1) Re-education of the Royal Commission now studying a new "provincial" Flag; (2) getting Mitts on offshore gas and oil in the name of the People and, (3) restocking the organization's Cellars with something a notch above the slops Brother Gillingham had liberated from the back of a truck on Pier 3 last fall.

Due to Press of business, a motion from the floor was carried with no Abstainers that Refreshments coincide rather than Follow. So Be It, said GNU O'Toole but, remember, This length of two-by-four wasn't resting here against the Podium strictly for decoration. He was going to forget who just muttered Little Hitler but would speak his Mind and wonder why there couldn't be one jeezley clean glass to be found in this joint from one Quarter to the next.

Chairman W. Puddicombe of the Flag Watch Committee said a knot had been struck in trying to bring the Royal Commissioners to Reason. His Committee had been given, he said, the Thankless though glorious task of persuading the Commission to bring back a report to government recommending a National Flag for Newfoundland bearing a unifying and Independent device, none of

your provincial compromise Bunkum.

The nasty hitch was that only one Commissioner out of six owned a four-legged domestic pet of eight ounces or more in weight. Brother Puddicombe said that it would not put a twist in none of their knickers to find a budgie bird or a guppy hung by the neck to their back doorknobs. He appealed to the membership at Large for guidance.

"Always the way, isn't it?" said GNU O'Toole. He had had it up to the two eyes with bitchers and complainers. Was there no clotheslines to be cut? Was there no garage doors to be spray-painted with encouraging sentiments? Was there no such thing as a brick left in the world nor a window to forking sling it through? Over the years, he said, he had beat himself to a Snot in the cause of Newfoundland unity and Independence, but he didn't know how much more he could take of this lily-livered Pussy-footing.

Would he ever see the Day when Newfoundland, a nation once again, enjoyed peace, plenty and prosperity under the good old Pink, White and Green devised by the late sainted Archbishop Wassaname? Did he really hear some whoreson Baywop down there in the back of the hall say, "Typical Townie, Typical Townie"?

Far be it from him, said Brother Percy Bullock, to bring up Religion and all that sort of old Dirt which should by now be a thing of the Past, God knew. But since GNU O'Toole had just done so, he could bite his Tongue no longer. He would sooner fly the good old Union Jack any day of the week and twice on Sundays than any pink-white-and-green Papist handkerchief waved around by them Roman Townies.

That was going quite far enough, remarked Brother W. Puddicombe. He, too, was a so-called Bayman, every bit so good a one, he dared say, as Brother Bullock over there; and knew you could expect little more from a St. John's man than all manner of sauce, Lip and abuse. But, at the same time, he was not prepared to Stand for that kind of bigotry and old blackguard coming from a person belonging to Misfortune Bay, a Bay which the world knew never sent even a baker's dozen Overseas in World's War One or World's War Two and which,

ever since Cabot rounded the Cape, always had the highest number of court cases in the Country regarding Interference with livestock.

Brother Bullock hoped that Brother Puddicombe—coming as he did from a Bay renowned for cross-eyed persons, the fruits of 350 years of non-stop Incest—had eaten only a light supper because he had a knuckle sandwich here for him and was just the lad to give it to him, too. This was just the kind of childishness he had come to expect from Newfoundlanders, said Brother Elihu Tavish. He thanked God he was a Labradorian, himself. Despite the years of Rapine by Bayman and Townie alike, Labrador was prepared to offer its own Flag—the Blue, White and Green—as a unifying emblem.

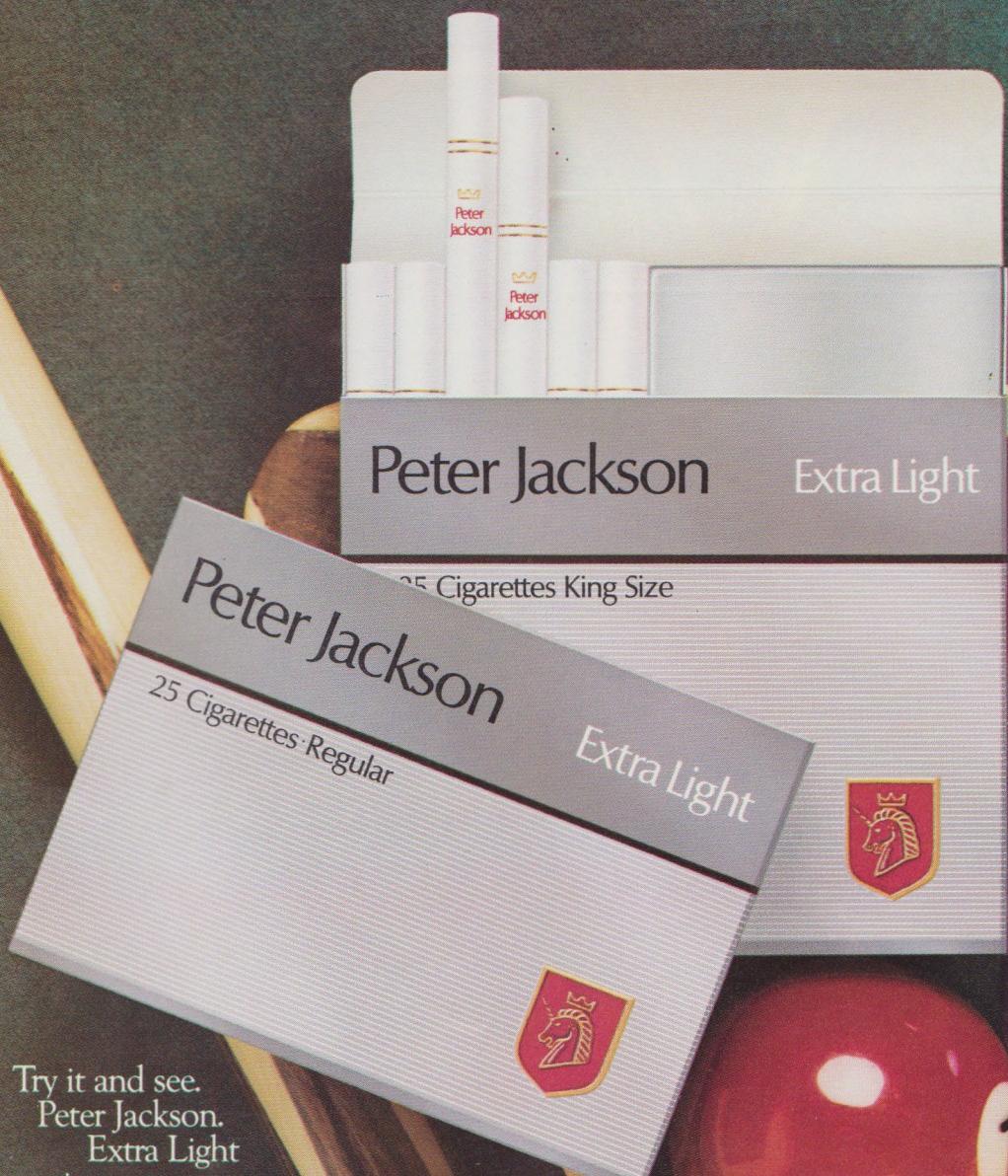
"Go suck a Igloo," was the response of many Present. Sister Amiel Paderwerski said this was just the Sort of business which made her sick of heart. Didn't us Newfoundlanders appreciate, she said, the Precious heritage and Traditions at stake here? The pure Air, the unspoiled countryside, the Quaint customs, the stalwart Individuality...go ahead and call her a Stunned mainland baggage if you liked...but must it all be torn asunder by outside forces while us Newfoundlanders bickered and quarrelled among ourselves?

She had seen the same Sad pattern in Watts, in Quebec and in a Lesser Antille the name of which she disremembered. A beautiful, Organic Marksist-Leninist Dialectic destroyed by the sort of Parochial Pig-Male Xenophobia she was witnessing again here Tonight. Furthermore...

GNU O'Toole said that Brother Puddicombe, when he came To again, could tell the Doctor a Townie had sent him, and the same went for any other Bayman here who soiled his lips with such a word as that in connection with a lady. Recording Secretary G. Pitts said, Ha, it wasn't much trouble to see which Grand Numero Uno was having it Off with which loud-mouthed Come-From-Away-Sister...

The minutes of the NUMERO meeting end abruptly in what appears to be a spattering of fingers and Bic ballpoint ink.

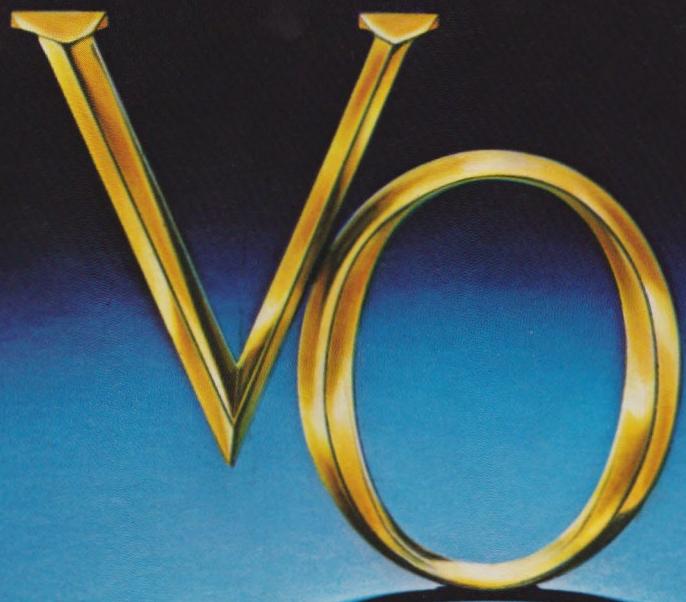
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